

Sports Illustrated

MAY 15, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

ROUSING RUN FOR THE ROSES

Cauthen and Affirmed
Win the Derby



OMNI'S ARMY.

The new Dodge Omni People just seem to like it. Because Omni tries so hard to please. With a 99 2-inch wheelbase. A 1.7 litre overhead cam engine. And a likeable base sticker price of only \$3706*, including standard features like an AM radio, vinyl body side moldings, and white sidewall tires.

The Omni shown below with a number of stylish additions has a sticker price of just \$3981*.

\$3901: (PRICE OF CAR AS SHOWN)
\$3706: (BASE STICKER PRICE)

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Lots of room. That's one advantage of Omni's front-wheel drive. The size of the tunnel you find in the middle of most conventional rear-wheel-drive cars is reduced. So there's more room for legs and stuff.

Then there's ride. It's stable. Comfortable. Because the right kind of

at expressway speeds.

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Omni. Take it out on the freeway. Over a bumpy road. We have

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**DODGE
 OMNI.
 IT DOES IT ALL.**



**MOTOR TREND
 CAR OF THE YEAR**

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OLYMPUS



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DALLAS	11	15	8	
LOS ANGELES	12	16	20	
MINNEAPOLIS	5	9	8	
PITTSBURGH	7	11	10	
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SEATTLE	8	12	9	

*Above savings are based on computer study of a one-story home of 800 square feet with four people in the household. Heating savings based on daytime setting of 75° and nighttime setback from 10PM to 6AM. Cooling savings based on 75° nighttime setting and daytime setup period from 6AM to 4PM. Your savings may vary.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TELANDER: AT 29 NEARLY A DEAD RINGER

When Special Contributor Rick Telander arrived in South Bend, Ind., to cover Notre Dame's two-week bookstore basketball tournament (page 38), he planned to keep a low profile. In fact, it was suggested to him by a member of the Notre Dame Sports Information Office that he join a team and not interview players openly. "This is kind of a sports-mad school," Telander was told. "If the students knew the tournament was being covered by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED they might go a little nuts."

The aim of the bookstore tournament is to help students release energy and have fun during the annual spring campus festivities. But it wouldn't take much, it was implied, for the students to forget sportsmanship and laughs for the vain rewards of glory. After a quick look around, Telander agreed.

"I've never seen a campus where sports are more important," he says. "Or another where every single man and woman looked like a jock."

"I saw people playing baseball, softball, stickball and soccer. I saw human-

pyramid building and mud chariot racing ... the list is endless. My favorite was two guys going off to drive golf balls across Lake Saint Mary's, with another guy wearing a baseball glove to field them on the other side."

It should not be inferred, Telander is quick to point out, that all Notre Dame students are brainless mesomorphs. Merely to be considered for admission to Notre Dame, a student must rank in the top 10% of his high school class and have a combined SAT score of 1,200. In any event, Telander's plan did not require him to be a scholastic ringer. An all-Big Ten defensive back at Northwestern in 1971 and an eighth-round draft pick of the Kansas City Chiefs, he admits to a severe weakness for games of any sort and was ready to jock it up: basketball, golf, jogging, football throwing, Frisbee—he was ready. He did join a basketball team, which won its first three games in the bookstore tournament. At this point Telander began to worry that his illegal presence might well cost the team the championship if it should progress that far, so he bowed out. But then his adopted team lost two men to injuries. "The guys needed a body for their next game, so they asked me back," he says. "I was wearing street clothes, I'd just come from eating knockwurst, sauerkraut and cherry pie at the cafeteria, and Jeff Carpenter, the quickest man on the Notre Dame varsity, was guarding me. Nausea was instantaneous."

Thus bumbled, Telander sat down to write his story. He had earlier admitted to a long-standing dislike of Notre Dame ("How can you really like a school that has 300-pound linemen and God on its side?"), but he found himself warming to the university after his stay.

"I liked just about everybody I met there," he says. "And, most important, I never once heard a player in the bookstore tournament say, 'Let's win this one for the Gipper.'"

Sack Meyer

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BOOKTALK

by RICK TELANDER

A NEW GUIDE CHARTS A WATERY WAY FOR EXPLORERS WITH FIN AND SNORKEL.

"For untold centuries man has been seen, from time to time, standing at the water's edge, looking toward the horizon, yearning for adventure, beauty, and a glimpse into the mystery of unknown worlds. If only he'd fallen in!" Thus begins *Underwater Holidays* by Janet Virell (Grosset & Dunlap, 256 pages, \$9.95), a plainspoken how-to and where-to service book in soft cover for those who, with the aid of snorkels, tanks and masks, would take that plunge.

Well illustrated with black and white photographs, the book is light on words and heavy on charts—144 pages of charts in all, describing more than 430 fresh and saltwater diving areas from the Bahamas and Yucatan to Southern California and Hawaii. Each location is numbered on a map and described under a dozen categories ranging from water depths to the dangers one might encounter to accommodations. For instance, we learn that Kino Bay in Mexico has variable water depths and tricky currents, is best suited for scuba diving, features game fish, has no diving facilities and offers one good motel and one trailer park nearby. The waters around the Biscayne National Monument area in Florida go to 12 feet in depth, feature three underwater wrecks, allow spearfishing and photo-taking but no collecting and are best for snorkeling. The chief danger is from water skiers.

Overall, the book's tone is one of enthusiasm. But the thought of hordes of inexperienced divers suddenly thrashing their way into the pristine world of reefs must leave some veterans of the sport a bit seasick. "In the beginning, poering through the water at almost anything may be an unusual thrill," writes the author. "Even the sight of a discarded beer can has an extra dimension if you see it underwater." But as a last frontier our water cannot stand the same treatment we've given the land.

Instead of a "get some while it lasts" attitude, divers are urged to go with respect and kindness. Coral, which can take a hundred years to grow 12 inches, was not designed for decorating dashboards or bookcases. Tropical-fish collecting and spearfishing are doubtful pastimes, to say the least.

Writing on the as-yet-unspoiled Yucatan Peninsula, the author sums up the dilemma with a warning: "Amazingly, with all these attractions, the area is neither overbuilt nor on the verge of collapse from pollution. How long this situation can be maintained is, of course, anybody's guess."

END

Every ace Roscoe Tanner serves, he serves in Converse shoes.



That's Roscoe Tanner's style. His shoes are by Converse. With flexible action, high traction performance on any surface, shock absorption and stress support for hours of comfort on the court. Add Converse Pro-game styling with the distinctive star and chevron look, and it's easy to see why more and more tennis players are getting into Converse. **CONVERSE** THE SHOES OF THE STARS

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

GRR

It's bad enough that the U.S. Postal Service has all those crazy abbreviations, such as MA for Massachusetts and MI for Michigan, but now try to decipher this list of the 10 leading hitters in the National League as printed in the *Daily News of Hays, Kans.*: Beckn, Ma, Prrs, Hrn, Vint, Mth, Cy, Bnc, Fly and Grss. Now try the American League: Jcks, Rdrg, Lm, Dvs, Kmp, Lyn, Crw, LFlr, Bll and Grr.

BUTE ABUSE

The death of Jockey Robert Pineda and the serious injuries suffered by two other jockeys in a four-horse spill at Pimlico last week have raised fresh concern about butazolidin. The anti-inflammatory drug had been given to Easy Edith, who caused the pileup when she snapped her left foreleg with Rudy Turcotte aboard. "Bute is like novocaine," said Turcotte from his hospital bed. "Without bute, if a horse starts to hurt, he will pull himself up. If he's numbed by bute, and can't feel anything, he'll keep running." Jockey Leroy Moyers, who had ridden Easy Edith in the past, was on her March 14 when she finished 10th and last at Bowie. He told his agent he wanted no more of her because "I didn't think she was a sound horse."

Jockey John K. Adams, critically injured last February in a fall from a bute horse at Bowie, agrees with Turcotte. Adams has particularly strong feelings on the subject because as a result of his spill he spent 21 days unconscious, two more weeks semiconscious, suffered a crushed chest and ran up a \$50,000 medical bill. "The trainers know these horses are bad," says Adams, "and the vets just turn their heads. They think bute is a cure. If a horse has bad knees, for example, they'll give him bute and think he'll be all right."

"I rode 20 horses for one trainer who doesn't even bandage his horses," Adams continues. "They are all sore. Five of them broke their legs with me, and he told me I was bad luck for him. Another

time, I remember trying to get a horse scratched at the gate because I thought he was sore. The vet told me to go ahead and ride him. Luckily, I could hold him together and we trailed the field. He broke his leg on the turn for home. Other jocks have been in the same position, it's not just me."

A Maryland humane society, the Defenders for Animal Rights, is trying to get together with jockeys to lobby for a bill in the state general assembly restricting the use of bute. Meanwhile, Maryland trainers continue to give horses bute tablets as though they were aspirin. "As a rule, I run all my horses on bute," says Tom Caviness, who trained Easy Edith. "First of all, my horses are claimers and are not 100% sound. But they aren't lame, either. And if I don't run them on bute, it would be an advertisement that they are sound and other trainers would claim them."

DEFICIENT DEFECTOR

Brent Clark, a defector from the NCAA, offered lurid testimony about "bribery" and flesh peddling by NCAA investigators when he appeared as a witness before the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations (Scorecard, March 13). When controversy arose about the charges made by Clark, who had joined the subcommittee staff only weeks before the hearings on the NCAA began, the subcommittee chairman, Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.), had three staff members investigate Clark's testimony. Last week, Rep. Norman F. Lent (R., N.Y.) made public the staff's confidential memorandum to Moss that discredits Clark's testimony. For example, Clark charged that an NCAA investigator had dropped a case when provided "with the services" of a woman. It turns out that the investigator, who was single, had gone on a blind date. Questioned about this, Clark claimed he had not intended to imply that the woman was a prostitute.

The same day that Moss got the mem-

orandum calling Clark's testimony "deficient," Clark resigned, citing personal reasons. Some subcommittee members had been opposed to Clark's ever joining the staff because they believed they had a valid case without him. With Clark gone, the subcommittee should be able to devote its full energies to the main point of the hearings: Are the NCAA's enforcement procedures fairly and properly conducted?

THE RITES OF SPRING

Who's that strange-looking bird with George Archibald? Well, her name is Tex and she is an 11-year-old whooping crane. Whooping cranes are an endangered species. There are only about 105 in the world—but soon there will be more if Tex and George Archibald have anything to do with it.

Archibald is an ornithologist and



co-director of the International Crane Foundation in Baraboo, Wis., which is striving to keep cranes from becoming extinct. Tex is also striving to keep cranes from becoming extinct, although not exactly the way one might expect. Raised in captivity in the living room of Fred Stark of the San Antonio Zoo, Tex didn't even see another whooping crane until she was two, and by that time she was "human imprinted" and wouldn't mate with other cranes. Archibald got Tex on loan from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and impersonated the mating dance of the male crane, which he describes as a series of weird and awkward steps. When Tex was suitably aroused, she was impregnated by artificial insemination.

continued

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MINOLTA XG7

EASY DOES IT.



Her first egg, laid last year, proved infertile, but her second egg, delivered last week with Archibald tenderly at her side, looks good according to preliminary tests. If all goes well, it will hatch around Memorial Day. Meanwhile, Archibald is continuing to dance with Tex every day. He says there is an excellent chance for more "shell treasures" this breeding season.

RUMBLING AT GRAMBLING

When the Tampa Bay Buccaneers selected Quarterback Doug Williams in the first round of last week's NFL draft in New York (page 66), it was an indication that Grambling's football program, which has developed so many pros, was still thriving. Grambling's longtime coach, Eddie Robinson, told the Bucs, "In Doug Williams you are getting a good man, a good player and a good American. Doug is apple pie."

But back home in Louisiana, Grambling's affairs were hardly in apple-pie order. The school was reeling from financial problems, internal scandals, an ongoing NCAA investigation and reports that Robinson, who is second only to Bear Bryant in victories among active coaches, is on his way out. Two weeks ago Joshua M. Bursh III, former director of the Grambling Foundation, was convicted of the theft of \$26,500 of school funds. His conviction came as the result of an investigation by the state attorney general's office into Grambling's \$5 million deficit last year. At one time Bursh was considered the leading candidate to succeed Dr. Ralph Jones, who retired last year as president of the school.

Last month Collie Nicholson, the school's sports information director for more than 30 years, resigned in the wake of another inquiry into a trip the Grambling football team and band made to Tokyo in 1976 to play Morgan State. Grambling had been forbidden to use state money to pay for the trip, but in a letter from the Japanese promoter Grambling was asked to pay \$42,000 in extra expenses. The letter was doctored in the school's graphic arts department so that the paragraph requesting the money was deleted. The money was laundered and paid out of school funds, and Grambling is a state-supported institution.

Amid all this, reports persist that Robinson is through. Grambling Vice-President Kermet McMurtry denies them, say-

ing, "Eddie's an institution here. Any decision to leave would be his own." But another source says, "Under Ralph Jones, Robinson had a blank check. Now the new administration just tells him to sit down and shut up."

NOFNISH

One of the most hallowed records in saltwater fishing has gotten the boot. The International Game Fish Association has dropped the 73-pound striped bass caught off Cutsyunk, Mass. in 1913 by Charles B. Church from its 1978 world record book. According to the IGFA, the record striper now is a 72-pound fish taken by Edward J. Kirker in 1969, also off Cutsyunk.

The 73-pounder was excluded because Church's line was never tested for its breaking strength. This would have been very difficult, considering that the catch was made 26 years before the IGFA was founded and 35 years before the organization began testing line. The consignment of Church's 73-pounder to Orwellian oblivion can be rationalized, but it still seems a shame.

EROUHANA

Tony Kubek, who does baseball's Game of the Week for NBC, feels that Yankee owner George Steinbrenner would like to get him fired. It all began in spring training when Kubek, a former Yankee shortstop, visited his old club and told a reporter for the *Fort Lauderdale News*, "Steinbrenner has one of the most expensive toys in the world and what he does is manipulate people. He's not the only one either. The same is true of most of the owners in baseball." Kubek went on to say, "Steinbrenner won't let anybody relax. It's what I call his 'corporate mentality.' He throws a fear into everybody.... He makes the players fear for their jobs. That's his theory and it works."

The story ran with the headline BLAME FOR BASEBALL TRAUMA RESTS WITH OWNERS—KUBEK, and when Steinbrenner saw it he sent copies to various owners and the commissioner's office with the notation, "How's this for the mouth that bites the hand that feeds it?"

At the start of the season, Kubek showed up to do a Yankee-Ranger Game of the Week telecast, and a Yankee employee told him that he, the employee, would lose his job if even one Yankee player gave Kubek an interview. As a re-

sult, Joe Garagiola did the interviewing instead.

Now, says Kubek, "I understand Steinbrenner's trying to get on the owners' TV committee and with all the millions of dollars at stake in contract negotiations, I would be a very small thing." Although Kubek says he doesn't fear losing his job, he would just as soon have the controversy simmer down. Your move, George. And this time, why make such a dumb one?

OGH CHORNYE

Phys ed professor Dan Landers and his Penn State colleagues say that brown-eyed people tend to have faster reaction times than those with blue eyes. Moreover, people with dark brown eyes react faster than those with light brown eyes. One test, done with the Penn State football team, showed that those players with the darkest eyes of all—they happened to be linebackers—also had the fastest reaction time.

One possible reason, says Landers, is that melanin, the dark, grainy pigment that gives eyes their color, could be genetically related to the amount of neuromelanin in the nervous system. Although the function of neuromelanin is not known, some scientists think it has electrical properties that can hasten the speed of neural impulses.

"It's such a bizarre idea I didn't really believe it at first," says Landers. "But in our tests conducted at the Motor Behavior Laboratory, dark-eyed people are really quicker, regardless of sex, race, socioeconomic status or any other factors we examined." Landers has hazel eyes.

THEY SAID IT

● John Ventch, trainer of Derby favorite Alydar, asked before the race if he would accept 6 to 5 on Alydar if he were a betting man: "I don't bet. These SOBs disappoint you enough without losing money, too. Betting would drive me crazy. As it is, I spend enough time talking to myself."

● Clarence Chaffee, retired Williams College tennis coach, ranked No. 2 nationally in the 75-and-over division, on his game, in words that the younger generation might misinterpret: "My game goes up when I play on grass. I would never elect to play on the hard stuff. On grass, you can hit hard and the ball seems to stay in."

END



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REAFFIRMATION



AT THE DOWNS

Reasserting his dominance over Calumet's Alydar, Affirmed held off the surging colt in the stretch to give young Steve Cauthen a triumphant return to his old Kentucky home

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



CONTINUED

The 104th Kentucky Derby had been over for two hours and Trainer Laz Barrera was seated in the director's room at Churchill Downs. All sorts of folks were moving about, carrying roses and glasses of champagne. Barrera leaned forward in his chair and clasped his hands.

"People say that Steve Cauthen is 18 years old," he began. "For a while I believed things like that. But the more I watch him ride the more I start to think other things. He must be at least 100 years old, and maybe he don't come from Walton, Kentucky at all. One night when all the racing world was sleeping, a small flying saucer landed out in the desert somewhere and he got off it. He came to the United States from wherever it was with the coolness of George Woolf, the old jockeyman. And the talent of the master, Eddie Arcaro. And there was some Shoemaker, too."

"Stevie stands by the spaceship and waits three minutes. Horses come from everywhere toward the spaceship. They come out of California and Chicago and New York, and they line up and say, 'Stevie, come be my jockey.' Stevie doesn't say anything for a few minutes, then waves his hand for silence. 'Horses,' he says, 'I will get to you all eventually. Be patient. I am looking for a special horse, one that can win the Kentucky Derby. You there, big chestnut horse, what is your name?' This horse says, 'Affirmed,' and Stevie says, 'Affirmed, I choose you to be my first Derby winner. We will win in 1978 before a huge crowd and I will put up a ride that people will talk about for years to come.' And, of course, Stevie do it."

Cauthen, Affirmed and Barrera won the Kentucky Derby last Saturday by 1½ lengths over Alydar, in a race difficult to assess. For a good while, at least until the Preakness is run at Pimlico, racing fans are going to argue over what happened at Churchill Downs. Four days before the race, Louis Wolfson, who owns Affirmed with his wife Patrice, had stood on the Churchill Downs backstretch and made a prediction: "If Affirmed is in front at the top of the stretch," Wolfson said, "you can put your binoculars down because Alydar won't catch him. I realize that sounds presumptuous, but that's the way I analyze the race. We have exam-

ined the six meetings between Affirmed and Alydar pretty carefully, and it looks to me like Affirmed dug in when things get toughest. Up to this point in his career, Affirmed has done everything asked of him, but I couldn't call him a great horse yet because the Kentucky Derby hasn't been run. Because Affirmed and Alydar haven't met since last fall, and each has won all its starts this year, people are very decided in their opinions. Well, here's mine. The critical point will come when the horses turn for home, and I think that you will see Affirmed leading at that stage. If so, I have to believe that he will win. But he's running against an excellent field."

For the most part, the field of 11 was excellent, with the winners of all the major prep races somehow avoiding injury and getting to Kentucky. Affirmed, Alydar, Believe It, Esops Foibles, Sensitive Prince and Dr. Valeri had accounted for the Tropical Derby, Florida Derby, Flamingo Stakes, Hollywood and Santa Anita Derbies, Wood Memorial, Fountain of Youth, Hibiscus Stakes and the

Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies as well as \$2,001,151 in purses. Obviously, it was going to be a memorable race, but the tone of it had truly been set last year in the remarkable series of meetings between Affirmed and Alydar in which Affirmed won four of six times. Nevertheless, the bettors made Alydar the 6-to-5 favorite.

"This is no pickin' chicken party," Barrera said before the race. "Believe it should run good and I think that Darby Creek Road might be underrated. Sensitive Prince has won all six of his starts, and because Allen Jerkens trains him the horse must be respected. But I think Affirmed has to beat Alydar, and it could be just as simple as that."

"In any race, luck influences the outcome," Barrera went on, "but Affirmed and Alydar have always dominated their races and left the other horses far behind. A lot of people don't believe that Affirmed can be rated, but they are wrong about that. Affirmed can be rated and will be. Once you get to Kentucky, you have to listen to so much nonsense that

Rounding the turn for home, Affirmed (2) had an open lane and plenty of speed as he stirred his



your head gets full of bees. All I hear in Kentucky is that Affirmed cannot win the Derby because he was bred in Florida and raced in California this winter. Florida and California are part of the United States of America, aren't they? Affirmed has not been winning his races in China. Before the Derby I am going to give Affirmed a workout that will cause the bees to go bye-bye. Watch it."

Four days before the Derby, Barrera and the Wolfsons climbed into the clocker's stand. The morning was cold and Barrera's hands were dug deep into his pockets. The track was far from lightning fast, but the Exclusive Native colt made it seem so as he worked five furlongs in 59 "It's a perfect work," Barrera told the Wolfsons. "It does two things. First, it puts some speed into him to get him sharp, second, the pressure comes off because the bees will stop buzzing."

"In racing, everybody trains everybody else's horse," Barrera said later. "I train my own and let people say whatever they want. A few days ago I worked Affirmed 1½ miles in 1:56½ and people

said it was a bad work. Well, it was one of the most brilliant workouts I've seen, because I started him in a place where he would have to go around a lot of turns. You can do anything with Affirmed. On the afternoons of his races, he goes to sleep in his stall when all the other horses are up and about and getting themselves on edge. Affirmed is his own man. He knows himself and by now I think I know him. When I won the Derby with Bold Forbes two years ago, it was different. Bold Forbes came out of Puerto Rico and I didn't get him until he had raced quite a bit. With Affirmed it is different. I have him all along. I think we haven't seen how good he is yet because you only can tell when another horse challenges him—and no one has challenged him yet this year."

Alydar, too, had moved toward the Derby in perfect fashion. Last Friday morning, his trainer, John Veatch, sat on a cot in Barn 42 and examined the race. "In the draw for post position," he said, "we got No. 10. That's good. I wanted one of the four outside positions because

Jorge Velasquez can pick his spot whenever he wants to be and keep Alydar free from trouble. Sensitive Prince drew the outside and that makes me feel that he will have to go to the front. Affirmed drew Post Two, and that would indicate that he must run hard early and commit himself. If Raymond Earl on the rail rushes for the lead—and he has to—then Affirmed might have to run a very fast three-quarters of a mile. I don't think that Barrera likes the No. 2 post for his horse."

When Barrera was asked about that, he smiled. "The Hollywood Derby," he said. "Look at the Hollywood Derby. That was my horse's last race. It was run at Hollywood Park and that's in China. Who broke from No. 2? Affirmed."

Once the starting gate opened in the Kentucky Derby, it was Alydar who was in trouble. He didn't seem to be able to get hold of the track. Raymond Earl scooted to the front, but Sensitive Prince went past him and after a half-mile led by 1½ lengths, with Affirmed in third place some six lengths back. Alydar was 17 lengths behind the leaders. After taking the early lead, Sensitive Prince never relaxed and seemed to be fighting Jockey Mickey Solomon most of the way. "I would have been content to lay third past the stands the first time," Solomon said later, "but he sure wasn't about to do that."

Caution kept Affirmed in third place until the mile, then ran head-and-head with the challenging Believe It for a few strides on the last turn before bolting into a two-length lead at the top of the stretch.

Alydar, meanwhile, was beginning his late charge. Running on the outside down the stretch, he swerved in on Believe It and actually bumped him momentarily inside the 16th pole. But Affirmed, who went the last quarter in 25¾, was holding strongly to his lead and Alydar, though gaining, was never really close to catching him. Caution went to the whip six times, the first whack coming inside the three-sixteenths pole, while Velasquez was hitting Alydar a dozen times down the stretch. The Calumet colt finished 1½ lengths in front of Believe It. Darby Creek Road was fourth, Esops fourth, fifth and Sensitive Prince sixth. Affirmed's time of 2:01½ tied him with Lucky Debonair (1965) for the fifth-fastest time in Derby history. Secretariat set the record of 1:59½ in 1973.

The crowd of 131,004, third largest to see a Derby, seemed baffled by Alydar's

continued

winning move between Believe It (9) on the outside and Sensitive Prince, who tried, on the inside



dawdling pace in the early part of the race and his delayed effort to overtake Affirmed. But Velasquez later said simply that he felt Alydar did not like the track, and by the time his colt finally did gain some traction, his late run was doomed. Cauthen had spent a good portion of the race looking for a threat from Alydar; when the Calumet colors finally came into view, it was too late.

Veitch and Alydar's owners, Admiral and Mrs. Gene Markey, were disappointed but not distraught over Alydar's loss. "He ran a good race," Veitch said, "but he just got beat. Nobody likes to lose, but people take things differently. I think you have to take victory well and not get yourself all screwed up when you lose; a trainer is going to lose a lot more races than he wins. Affirmed was the best horse in the Derby. Whether he will be in the Preakness [$1\frac{1}{4}$ miles] and Belmont [$1\frac{1}{2}$ miles] nobody knows. We'll have to wait and see. But Alydar will try Affirmed again in both races."

As a trainer, Barrera proved again he has a way with a horse that few others possess. He was asked after the Derby if Affirmed's victory wasn't his finest piece of work, because he had lost countless days of training this winter in California on account of the persistent rain. "Some days I was going crazy," Barrera admitted. "I didn't think I was going to have time to get Affirmed ready in time for the Triple Crown races. I still don't know how things got worked out."

"But my best training job was with a \$6,000 claimer, Destructo, who got me to America in 1959. I was born next to Oriental Park in Cuba and have been on the racetrack all my life. I went to Mexico to train horses and was second in North America to Willie Molter one year, even though in Mexico we only raced three days a week. When I decided to come to California there was only Destructo. I did well with him, but lost him in a claim. I had to start all over but the days were always good."

Barrera won the Eclipse Award as the nation's leading trainer in 1976 and again in 1977, when his horses earned \$2.7 million. This year he has been even more spectacular, running nearly \$1 million ahead of his 1977 pace. Horses now under his care have been estimated to be worth nearly \$40 million. "I think that the Preakness should be a fine race for Affirmed," Barrera said, "but anybody who thinks he can't run a distance is crazy.

This horse can run five miles, he is no stopper. He has now beaten Alydar five of seven races and in a lot of ways. Alydar can run early and we beat him. Alydar can run from the middle and we beat him. Alydar can run late and we beat him. We can beat him with boxing gloves."

Early Sunday morning, Lou Rondinello, the trainer of Darby Creek Road, summed up the Derby as he had seen it. "I'd say that the rivalry between Affirmed and Alydar is still on," he said. "Alydar had a legitimate excuse in the fact that Velasquez said his colt couldn't get hold of the track. But Alydar was closing with a rush. While my horse ran a good race to be fourth, he was still beaten seven lengths. You have to come to the realization that, for now, Darby Creek Road is a cut below the top two and I don't think he will go in the Preakness. You can bet that people will be saying that a come-from-behind horse like Alydar can't win the Preakness because the distance is shorter. Nonsense. Little Current won it for me in 1974 by coming from 11th place to win going away by seven lengths."

That same morning, wearing a parka to ward off the chill and rain, Jerkens was also reflecting on the race. "I don't know why Sensitive Prince ran so poorly," he said. "God, he was beaten by 14 lengths. Maybe I made some kind of a mistake that I'm not aware of yet, but I don't think Sensitive Prince fooled me. I know he is a good horse. The Preakness? Not until I find out what went wrong in the Derby. It could be best to stop on him now and then come back later on. This Derby was a complete mystery to me." Jerkens kicked the cement wall in front of his horse's stall. "We certainly wasted an awful lot of time by coming to Kentucky," he said.

Veitch, too, was out at the Downs early. "I talked to Admiral and Mrs. Markey after the race," he said. "The Admiral said, 'John, don't worry about a thing. He just got himself too far out of it and couldn't make it up.' I know myself that the next time we can't be any place as far back as we were in the Derby. I knew going down the backstretch that we were in serious trouble, but I thought we were moving good through the stretch."

They said before the race that it would be a good one, and it was. Well, one down and two to go. The battle between Affirmed and Alydar is far from over.

DAYS OF WHITE WINE AND ROSES

by CLIVE GAMMON

Once the horses had pulled up and were cantering back past the clubhouse, Larry Barrera was the first to reach him. That was while women in the box seats, close to hysteria, screamed "Stevie, Stevie, oh that little baby boy! Oh, Stevie, I'll die!" And Larry's father was still working his way clear of a mob of well-wishers. By that time, Larry was on the track and catching hold of Affirmed's reins. Steve Cauthen leaned down as Larry grabbed upward and they hugged. First Larry was leading the horse, then running alongside it as they neared the winner's circle. Steve climbed down. The pair walked arm in arm, smiling, hugging again, in a last private moment before the TV cameras broke in. It was almost as if the two 18-year-olds had done it alone. Cauthen, rose-bedecked, face split with a grin, puckered cheeks, and young Barrera looking older, more contained, an elder brother despite their identical age.

Since just after Christmas, Larry Barrera, the son of Laz Barrera, trainer of Affirmed, had shared an apartment in California with Steve Cauthen. A lot of people at Churchill Downs last week expressed surprise that a youngster like Larry had been left in sole charge of several million dollars' worth of colt; before his father's arrival in Kentucky, he had looked after Affirmed for several days. They would have been less surprised had they known that two years earlier, Larry had taken similar care of Bold Forbes, his father's 1976 Derby winner. And, some might say, he has looked after Steve Cauthen, a far more complex task, in just as admirable a fashion at a time when, away from home and entering into manhood, the young jockey needed someone badly.

But Larry could be of little help to Cauthen in the hectic buildup to the Derby. It is not easy, when you have just turned 18, to stand ankle-deep in mud and be cross-examined in public about your emotions, though maybe you could avoid actually yawning, as he did last Friday.

Still and all, just a little bit, he seemed to be spoiling the party. So there he was, the wonder child of his sport, coming home to his native Kentucky—to the track where, only two years previously, he had had his first professional ride—with a fine mount and a fine chance to win the Derby. And the warmest thing he could find to say, when asked if all

this moved him, was, "I'm glad to be here." Even earlier in the week, in New York, Caution had been unwilling to admit that the Kentucky Derby and riding in it for the first time made much of an emotional impact on him. He seemed surprised anyone should think it a deprivation that he had not ridden in the 1977 Derby. Hadn't he ridden three winters that same day at Aqueduct? The logic was cold but convincing.

Since he went to California late last year, Caution has gained two pounds, the now weighs 971 and some sharp experiences, which may have hardened him. It was on March 9 that he was given a five-day suspension by the Santa Anita stewards for making no effort to keep his mount on a straight course just after the start of a minor race. When the horses came out of the gate his horse bumped another. The suspension was a heavy one under the circumstances; the interference had not come at a critical point in the race. But few jockeys would have followed Caution's course, which was to apply to a regular court of law for an injunction against the stewards that would allow him to continue to ride while it was in force.

The day of reckoning could not be stalled for long. Three weeks later, Larry Barrera came home to find the apartment silent and Steve reading. Then he looked up and said:

Larry, you can't believe what they did to me. They gave me the days." Barrera says that Caution was not fighting mad or wild but just deeply upset.

His suspension came toward the end of Caution's stay in California, which had not been as productive as the golden months in New York in 1977, partly because he remained loyal to Lar Barrera's stable. "He should have gone out and looked for other mounts," Larry says now. "He did win money he did win races, but the thing was, the leading rider, Darrel McHargue, had everybody else's business. So Steve was working mostly for us. My father told him you can go out and look for other mounts. But he stayed loyal."

To help keep Caution loyal, there was Affirmed, the horse he had first ridden at Saratoga last August. "Laffin Pinkey didn't want to come all the way from California to ride him," Larry says. "Angel Cordero had won a race on him by a neck with not such a great field. He didn't have faith in him. He had in mind another horse that he thought could handle more distance, a better horse for the times to come. That was Darby Creek Road. Turned out he was wrong, eh?"

So Steve Caution really got Affirmed by default, but when it came to his suspension, when he missed the Santa Anita Derby, there was no danger that he might lose the mount. Affirmed was his. The owners made that clear. Larry has known Caution long enough to distinguish between his apparent coldness and the genuine feelings that he keeps suppressed



In the winner's circle, Caution gets a gift on the back from his supervisor, Lar Barrera's son Larry.

before a big race. "He's really cool inside," Larry says. "I've never seen him choke at all. I've never heard him fault himself or hit himself in the head and say, 'That was my mistake.' He'll hold all his emotions in until after a race. Then, although you won't see him waving or shouting, he will be very happy. He's blossomed out a bit socially. After the Hollywood Derby, three of us went out, me, him and a girl friend of mine. Place called the Hungry Tiger. Nice dinner but no champagne. In California you have to be 21. They'll give him a little wine, though, sometimes. He likes a little bit of white wine. He don't have too many friends. He stays close to himself, though he'll fool around with me. Like when I go out with him on a pony. He'll make fun of me all the time. There's a guy called Casey Tibbs? Big cowboy? He'll call me that."

The interior Steve Caution, as Larry accurately predicted, did not break out until

about 5:40 p.m. last Saturday. In the clubhouse, his mother Myra was more vulnerable. In a box at Churchill Downs for the first time (he hadn't been to the Derby since 1974 when she saw it from the backside), she was flanked by her two other sons, her sisters and her brother. She was stuffing into her lace handkerchief for the national anthem and was in no shape at all for *My Old Kentucky Home*. But she choked back her tears, sucked in her cheeks and blew kisses to her son in the parade. And then, as Steve came up the home stretch in the lead, her arms were round her son Doug, and next the whole Caution family was in a kind of mass wrestling match, a wild tangle of happiness.

And there was Larry Barrera running out onto the track and Steve Caution's face splinting into that rare, boyish, entirely charming grin. Seems that he didn't run the party after all.

END

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

The Sixers were folding in the playoffs again.
This time the Bullets were wrecking their hopes

by JOHN PAPANÉK

When the word came in from Portland a couple of weeks ago that Bill Walton had fractured a foot and was out of the playoffs, the reaction in Philadelphia was immediate. The 76ers began pondering how to rearrange their jewelry so as to clear fingers for NBA championship rings.

The Sixers had romped through the Knicks in four straight and were expected to clobber the old, crippled Washington Bullets in the Eastern Conference finals. O.K., so they got caught fiddling around in Game 1 and Washington upset them at home, 122-117 in overtime. However, Bullet Center Wes Unseld sprained his right ankle in the game and two days later Kevin Grevey zapped himself with his hair dryer. And so, before Julius Erving could sincerely remind his fans for the zillionth time that "We owe you one," the Sixers would surely have the whole thing wrapped up and be on beaches from Aruba to Zanzibar, "Sunnin' and funnin', restin' and digestin'," as Center Darryl (Daddy Dunk) Dawkins might say.

But by sundown last Sunday the Sixers were squawkin' and walkin', losin' and confusin', down 3-1 to the Bullets and on the edge of extinction.

"Embarrassed?" Erving said to a reporter after Washington's Bob Dandridge ate him alive in Game 3. "Why should I be embarrassed?"

"Why? Because you are such a great player," said the reporter, not without a touch of sarcasm.

Erving pulled himself up gravely, the way he does, and replied, "I think that can be somewhat overstated."

But certainly no one ever thought of the Bullets as a great team, even when everyone was healthy, which they were for a total of eight games this season. What has made them the big story of the playoffs is 1) they are winning, and 2) they are winning by running. "Please try to believe it," Coach Dick Motta says.

It also helped the Bullets that Elvin Hayes, trying to undo his reputation for folding in the clutch, was playing the best

basketball of his 10-year career, while his opposite number on the Sixers, George McGinnis, was re-creating his "McGooms" role of last year's championship series against Portland, what with a 15.5-point average on .392 shooting. Hayes won Game 1, scoring nine of the Bullets' 13 points in overtime to finish with 28, plus 18 rebounds, six blocked shots and four steals. He also stayed close to the basket on defense to help Unseld rope off the middle and dominate the rebounding 64-57, leaving McGinnis free to fire at will from the outside.

"Before this series is over," said Big George, untruffled after missing 11 of 16 shots, "I'll be as big a factor as any forward on the floor." Mmm hmm.

At a practice session before Game 2, Grevey, who had scored 26 points and helped hold Doug Collins to 12 in the opener, "felt something pop" in his neck while blow-drying his hair. It appeared for a while that he would have to join Unseld on the bench along with Guard Phil Chenier, who had been there for four months with back problems. But Grevey took 12 showers on game day to loosen his neck and scored eight points in the first half. Dandridge got 16 against Erving, taking off downcourt as soon as the Sixers put up a shot and completing fast-break layups after Hayes, Greg Ballard or Mitch Kupchak, Unseld's replacement, cleared the boards and fired him the ball. "Julius doesn't get back on the break," said Dandridge matter-of-factly.

Three times the Bullets led by 10 in the first half, but in the first two minutes of the second half Erving transformed himself into Dr. J and majestically threw in seven points. On one occasion he grabbed a one-handed rebound, drove the length of the court and hit a spinning cross-lane layup for a three-point play. The Sixers led 61-54 and would not trail again.

Four minutes and 40 seconds into the half, Sixer Coach Billy Cunningham sat down McGinnis, who had shot 4 for 11 and had only four rebounds. His replacement, burly Steve Max, kept him on the

bench the rest of the night, scoring 15 points and stopping Kupchak cold in the 110-104 win.

Afterward, Cunningham geared up for another of McGinnis' blasts. "It was no slap at George," Cunningham explained. "This is the playoffs. We're here to win."

"I'm not going to say anything," said McGinnis, and then did. "I don't want to sound like a crybaby, but Billy never played me 16, 18 minutes at a time. Steve played great, but if I had stayed in there, there's no doubt I would have been better."

Over in the Bullets' dressing room, McGinnis' complaining made Hayes grim. "I don't think Cunningham has much confidence in McGinnis," he said, "because when the tough time comes, he

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN BALIOTTI



puts in Mix. They can't hide George out there." Back to you, George.

"Elvin!" McGinnis spit out the name. "If he thinks I'm the choker, he ought to check out his own playoff records. If you take a survey in this league, on his own team—and one of his teammates told me this—you'll find that Elvin is the least respected player in the league. As a person, he's a phony guy."

Warming up before Game 3 at Landover, Md., the Sixers were again unconcerned. McGinnis laughed about his slump and joked about Hayes. "I'll be guarding him, so he should get 40 tonight," he said.

McGinnis began the game by dramatically refusing to shake Hayes' hand before the tip-off. Then, on the first five times he handled the ball, he was called twice for traveling and twice for charging, on each occasion letting the Washington crowd know that he intended to dance on Elvin's head. He threw exactly one pass in the first quarter. To keep the ball away from McGinnis, Erving would go one-on-one and bounce it off his knee.

Collins would look for screens that no one was setting. Henry Bibby would launch 25-footers. And meanwhile—whoosh!—Hayes or Kupchak or Ballard would snare a rebound and whip it down to Dandridge or Grevey, who had spent the day in the hospital with his neck in traction, for a desecrated pull-up jumper.

At the half, the Bullets had a 62-45 lead. Dandridge had burned Erving for 18 points on 9-of-11 shooting, while the good Doctor was 1-for-6. Collins and McGinnis 1-for-5 each and Lloyd Free 1-for-9. All this was punctuated by 37 fouls, including one in which McGinnis, frustrated by his third charging call, hurled the ball at Hayes, daring him to throw it back.

As though the 76ers were not getting knocked around enough, even their fans took punishment. At least one fight broke out between two women spectators. Could that be Turquoise Erving landing that pretty right? Right.

The Sixers cut the deficit to nine in the fourth quarter, with Erving and McGinnis on the bench. The final score was

123-108 Bullets. Hayes, who seemed to be in there only when Washington needed him, outrebounded McGinnis 12-7 and though they each scored 16, Big E clearly got the best of Big Mac. Dandridge outscored Erving 30 to 12 and Grevey had it over Collins 21 to 15.

"I know what," said Mix after the game. "If we try any more of that bleeping one-on-one stuff we could lose by 40 on Sunday."

It wasn't quite that bad, though the Sixers were blown out again in Landover 121-105. The script was slightly different. Philadelphia started Game 4 playing tough, with McGinnis defending Hayes harder and smarter than he had previously and Erving scoring 10 straight Philadelphia points. This helped account for a 48-37 Sixer lead two-thirds of the way through the second quarter. The 76ers should have taken the 11 points and caught the Amtrak back home.

With 4:11 left in the half, the Bullets went to work, scoring 17 points to the Sixers' zip. Hayes had 11 of those, jamming and jumping, spinning and boarding, scattering bodies like bowling pins. "I could feel the game ripping open," said Motta. "I was watching them earlier," said Hayes. "They were winning but the confidence was not there." At the half the Bullets were up 54-48 and were never behind again. As the game wound down, Hayes, who finished with 35 points and 19 rebounds, even began making Walton-esque circles over his head—a sure sign of a champion.

"We should all be talking," said Free in the Sixer locker room. "To each other. Not having arguments. Running hard in practice. They run hard in practice. But now I guess it's too late. Of course, if we turn this thing around we're all great again." But no one was giving the Sixers much chance of becoming the third team in NBA history to do that, not even the Sixers, as Free had intimated earlier.

Before the series moved to Washington, Free, who styles himself All World, was standing in front of the Free Throw, his Philadelphia sporting-goods store, when a fan came bounding up to him. "World, my man," he said. "Don't forget, baby. You owe us one."

"Hey," said Free. "You're talking about what the Doc said I don't owe you nothing."

Hey there, Doc. Are you going to owe them two?

END

Dandridge rebounds while Hayes (11) boxes out McGinnis and Dawkins (53) awaits developments



PAST 3,000 AND STILL COUNTING

With a solid single, Pete Rose became baseball's 13th 3,000-hit man. Now he is off in pursuit of Musial and Aaron

by **RON FIMRITE**

He had known it would come. He had even known approximately when it would come. And he had anticipated how he would feel when it did come. Pete Rose leaves little to chance. He even rubs his bat clean with alcohol before each game so that afterward he will know from the fresh stains on it where he has made contact with the ball. "Pardon me for not getting too revved up over this," he had been saying throughout what should have been a tense week. But when his 3,000th hit did come last Friday evening in Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, Rose surprised himself for one of the few times in his life by nearly coming to tears. Achieving immortality will do that to a person.

Rose admitted being a little restive before the game that night with Montreal. Though cordial as always, he had avoided reporters in the clubhouse, where he normally holds court at considerable length, reasoning perhaps that he had nothing to say that he had not already said dozens of times during the week. He was also steeling himself for the task ahead. He needed two hits to reach the fabled number, and in Steve Rogers of the Expos he was dealing with a pitcher who had won 17 games in 1977. Rose decided he would be aggressive as usual, but that this time he would wait for just the right pitches, would take more pitches than he ordinarily does.

As he came to bat leading off the Reds' half of the first inning, the crowd of



After getting a tented hit on a Baltimore chop for No. 2,999, Rose lashed his 3,000th to left.

37,823 rose in great waves to roar acclaim. Baiting lefthanded against the righthanded Rogers, Rose, the game's most prolific switch hitter, lined a two-ball, one-strike pitch softly to leftfield, where Warren Cromartie dropped the ball and then threw it away for a two-base error. Rose belly-slid into second, only to remain there as the next three Reds went out in order.

In the third inning, amid another standing ovation, Rose stepped up with Cesar Geronimo on second and one out. He hit Rogers' first pitch straight down onto the hard-packed dirt in front of the plate, producing a Baltimore chop. Rogers fidgeted impatiently under the high bouncer, and when he finally gloved it he tried to throw before he had a good grip on the ball. The ball slipped from his hand and rolled harmlessly behind the mound as Rose scrambled safely across first. Official scorer Earl Lawson of the *Cincinnati Post* did not hesitate to call it a hit—Rose's 2,999th. The crowd cheered its approbation of this decision, but in the press box, Lawson, the hometown writer, was subjected to some friendly glibing about favoritism. In truth, had Rogers thrown perfectly, Rose probably would have beaten the ball to the bag, because as he said later, "I have never run harder to first." And he always runs hard.

The skyscraper-high stadium message board proclaimed 2999—1 TO GO when Rose stepped up in the fifth with two outs and nobody on base. He watched Rogers' first pitch sail outside, following it with his eyes into Gary Carter's catcher's mitt and then swiveling his head upward for Umpire Jerry Dale's call, which was ball one. The next delivery was "a fastball," Rose would say later, "about this big around," and he would hold his hands far enough apart for a bowling ball to pass between them. He lined this fat pitch over the head of Third Baseman Larry Parrish and into leftfield for an untainted single.

It was 9:22 p.m., E.D.T., and for the next five minutes the fans set up a clamor of a magnitude not heard in Cincinnati since the 1976 World Series. Rose's teammates hurried onto the field to bear-hug him and grasp his hand. He hugged and grasped back and waved his red cap at the adoring crowd. Then he was alone for a moment, standing just off first base.

The fans would not let up and the game could not resume. Rose stood there looking like a lost boy about to cry. Finally Tony Perez, Rose's old teammate and friend who is now the Expos' first baseman, nudged him playfully. Rose wheeled about and embraced him. He smiled and the moment passed. The game went on—antithetically, it turned out—to a 4-3 Reds loss.

Thus did Pete Rose join an exalted company of 12, the leader of which is his prototype, Ty Cobb. Of all baseball achievements, the accumulation of 3,000 hits is the surest indication that a player is extraordinarily talented, extraordinarily durable and extraordinarily consistent. And it is a feat that virtually ensures the achiever enshrinement in the Hall of Fame. Of Rose's 12 predecessors, nine are in the Hall; the three who are not—Henry Aaron, Willie Mays and Al Kaline—will be admitted the moment they become eligible after five years of retirement. Some of the game's most celebrated players, Hall of Famers themselves, have fallen short of the milestone. Rose reached. Injuries and wartime service kept Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams from it. Four years as a full-time pitcher kept Babe Ruth from it. Fatal illness kept Lou Gehrig from it. Involvement in the Black Sox scandal and subsequent expulsion from the game most likely kept Shoeless Joe Jackson from it. A near-fatal bombing may well have kept Ducky Medwick from it. But there have been numerous other superb hitters who enjoyed full and relatively injury-free careers who have not gotten 3,000 hits. That list fairly glitters with the likes of Rogers Hornsby, Al Simmons, George Sisler, Sam Crawford, Wee Willie Keeler, Jimmie Fox, Frankie Frisch, Charlie Gehringer, Mickey Mantle, Mel Ott and Frank Robinson.

While Rose is the fifth player to get his 3,000th hit in the past decade, joining Aaron, Mays, Roberto Clemente and Kaline on the list of recent inductees, most members of the 3,000 club were in their prime before the New Deal began. Rose reached 3,000 one month into his 16th season—sooner, in point of service, than any other member of the elite. Cobb did not get his 3,000th hit until his 17th season but at the time he was only 34, three years younger than Rose. Aaron was 36, and Stan Musial and Tris Speak-

er were like Rose. 37. Cap Anson was the oldest when he reached 3,000; he was 46 when he did it in 1897.

Rose is convinced that Cobb's career total of 4,191 hits, the major league record, is beyond his grasp, so he has set his sights on Musial's National League record of 3,630, a figure he could attain in as few as three years. Aaron's 3,771 hits (171 in the American League), the majors' second-highest total, also seems within Rose's reach, barring the sort of serious injury he has thus far escaped, or an unlikely capitulation to the infirmities of middle age. Rose passed Clemente's total of 3,000 hits last Saturday and should whip past Kaline's 3,007 in a matter of moments. If he bangs out his usual 200 hits this year, he will also pass Anson (3,081) and Paul Waner (3,152) and finish the season ninth, behind Napoleon Lajoie (3,251), who, with Mays (3,283) and Eddie Collins (3,311), should

continued



An old friend turned foe congratulated Rose.



After Pete Sr.'s big hit against Montreal's Rogers, sportswriters interviewed a bunch of Roses

fall in '79. That would leave Rose trailing only Honus Wagner (3,430), Speaker (3,515), Musial, Aaron and Cobb.

This is heady stuff to ponder, but though Rose is keenly aware of his figures, he would prefer to let his hits accumulate without further ado until Musial's record comes into view. Except for the final moment Friday, he wasted little mental energy on his 3,000th, a blow that engendered tremendous excitement despite its inevitability. Rose knew that he needed only 34 hits to reach 3,000 this season and that, as he so pitifully advised Cincinnati's *Insiders Club* at a luncheon early last week, "It would be a lousy year for me if I went 33 for 650."

Indeed it would. Only Cobb had as many 200-hit seasons as Rose has—nine—and, lest anyone think Rose is tailing off, he has had 200 in the last three years. He has batted over .300 in 12 of his 15 big league seasons; has won three batting titles, topped by a .348 performance in 1969; and is a .311 lifetime hitter. Hit No. 3,000 raised his '78 average to .324.

It was a difficult week for Rose only because his every step was dogged by media hordes and because, through a vagary of scheduling, the Reds had two weekdays off. Playaholic Rose detests off-days—"I

might get hit by a train," he says. He met the press crush with characteristic bonhomie, though he did complain that "some guy in New York nearly knocked out one of my teeth with a microphone." His sole concern was that the egos of his almost equally famous teammates might somehow suffer from the attention lavished on him. It was an unfounded fear, because his mates' attitude, as expressed by Ken Griffey, was "Pete deserves it." However, Reds Manager Sparky Anderson was miffed one night last week when he heard raucous laughter issuing from the vicinity of Rose's locker while Tom Seaver sat nearby bemoaning his third straight pitching loss. One of Rose's profane jests had elicited guffaws from the assembled newsmen, most of whom were unaware of Seaver's unhappy presence. Seaver made no mention of the incident, but Anderson, who apparently is of the opinion that a pitcher's defeat is an occasion for lost rites, took the press to task for a tasteless display. "Hey," said Rose later, "You guys got me in trouble with your laughing."

Even the days off were not as wondrous as they might have been. During one of them, Rose made a commercial with Perez; on the other, he visited the John Foster Dulles elementary school,

where his son Peter Edward II attends third grade. Little Pete, as he is known, was ill that day and absent, but his father showed up nonetheless to hold court for nearly two hours with a dozen youngsters from grades one through five. Unlike most adults, Rose is never condescending in the company of children, perhaps because he is essentially one of them. His concern—How'm I doing? What d'ya think of that? Am I the best?—are theirs. He engaged in a particularly sprightly dialogue with a fourth-grade enchantress whose very name, Happiness Amanda Gill, added new dimensions to the discourse. "Money can't buy happiness," Rose solemnly proclaimed and then giggled, "and I don't mean that girl over there." Some other exchanges:

Happiness: Do you know, you're the first athlete I ever met?

Rose: Well, honey, you started right at the top.

Happiness: Do you have any tips for my little brother, Jason? He throws the ball over the catcher's and the umpire's heads. Then everybody starts yelling. "We want a pitcher, not an underwear stitcher." I say, "What're you throwing at—the Eiffel Tower?"

Rose: Underwear stitcher?

Happiness: What are those rings you're wearing?

Rose: World Series rings. I worked hard for those rings. All you have to do is go to college and marry some rich guy, and you'll get all the rings you want.

Happiness: I can't help it if my brother got in a fight.

Rose: How could you get in trouble if he got in the fight?

Happiness: I beat him up.

Rose told Cobb stories, many of them deliciously violent, and deplored the fact that too few youngsters nowadays have heard of "the greatest baseball player who ever lived." And he unabashedly worried out loud about his upcoming contract negotiations with the Reds, fearing that if matters are not properly settled, he, the homegrown star, the Western Hills High flash, might be forced to leave Cincinnati for greener pastures. Rose's two-year contract expires in October, and its renegotiation is of genuine concern to him, because his dealings with the Cincy management have been less than amicable during previous encounters. The children said they did not want him to leave town. He said he did not want to go.

continued

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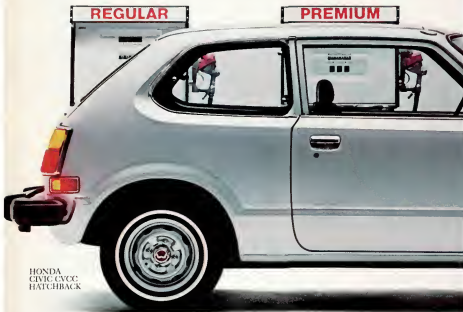


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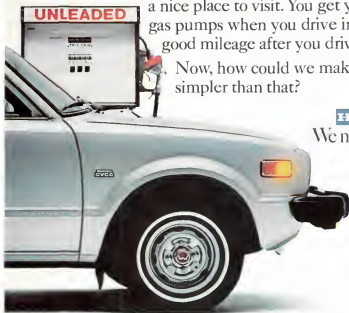
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The session at the school was taped for inclusion in one of a series of books on adult-child relationships to be published by Doubleday. The publisher's representatives, Thomas G. Aylesworth and R. Smith Kaliper, declared Rose to be the champion adult to date, fannier even than Vincent Price, certainly more astute than Senator Charles Percy and a more skillful respondent than the astronaut who dithered over the question of how men in space go to the bathroom.

That Rose should have raised Cobb's name before grade-school children who had never heard of Cobb is entirely in keeping with Rose's character, because he has emerged as something of a propagandist for the Georgia Peach. More and more, Rose seems to identify with Cobb, and not merely because Cobb heads the hit parade Rose so recently joined. He sees in Cobb a kindred spirit, a scrapper who played the game to a standstill. Rose, himself perhaps as exciting a player as Cobb, has none of his prototype's avowed viciousness, but it is hard to believe that even Cobb put more of himself into baseball than Rose does. "I've had to scramble and scratch for everything I've got," Rose told a group of onlookers last week, most of whom regard him as one of the privileged few. Then he added, "But I've enjoyed the scratching and scrambling."

Those who have never seen Rose up close tend to think of him as a small man. In fact, his smallness is a matter of style, not physique. He is a muscular 5' 10½" 200-pounder with a body so durable that he is seldom injured. His 3,000th hit came in his 676th consecutive game, the 11th-longest streak in baseball history. It ended at 678 Sunday when, despite taking "every pill there is," Rose was knocked out of the lineup by illness. Rose is a big man who plays like a small man—he goes for line drives not home runs, he hustles continuously—for the logical reason that for much of his life he was small. He weighed only 130 pounds during his first year of high school football and was a mere 155 at graduation, too small for big league baseball in the judgment of many scouts. He developed the habit of playing hard when he was small because it was his only means of attracting notice. As a result, he knows no other way to play. "I didn't start growing until I was 19," he says. "My whole family matured late." And, he adds, stayed young longer than most people. His father played

semipro football in Cincinnati when he was in his 40s. Now that Rose has established that he is a big man, his next project is to convince people that he is a young one as well. In a telephone conversation with Reds Vice-Chairman Bob Howsam after No. 3,000, Rose advised his boss, "Now, Bob, don't you go out and sign no young third baseman for a couple of years."

To Rose's good friend and teammate Joe Morgan, it is neither statistics, age nor size that is the true measure of Rose. It is the man's spirit. "The statistics are not that important to me when I think of Pete," Morgan said on the epochal Friday. "You have to think first of what he is, what he has meant to baseball. I have never seen anyone come to the park with his enthusiasm, determination and desire. It's like every day is opening day. I don't know of anyone else who's like this. I know I'm not. Pete is something special. He has everyone's respect. And he'd have it even if he hit only 220. Maybe that's why I'm not so enthused over this 3,000 thing—and, hey, 3,000 hits are a lot. Heck, I've been enthused over Pete Rose for the seven years that I've been here. He deserves fanfare for 3,000 hits, but he has deserved fanfare long before this."

The clubhouse was empty after the great event, except for Rose, who was finally changing out of his uniform, the last question answered, the last congratulation acknowledged. His wife Carolyn and 13-year-old daughter Fawn were being interviewed by a television person in the family waiting room adjacent to the Cincinnati clubhouse. Outside, a small boy in a miniature Reds uniform, complete with No. 14 and Rose stitched on the back of the jersey, was playing a solitary game of catch against the stadium's cement wall. He threw and chased the ball with a familiar verve, straining to reach for the crazy bouncers that the wall's irregularity created. He never stopped, never tired.

"How do you feel about what your dad did tonight?" he was asked.

Little Pete turned, and his face lit up with a smile that was also familiar. "Happy," he said. And he threw the ball again, running it down after it popped out of his glove, happier playing than talking.

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LOOK OUT FOR THE MANHOLE COVER

Notre Dame's hazardous bookstore basketball tourney drew 256 teams, most of which shall remain nameless
by RICK TELANDER

Above the noise of the jukebox and the electronic football game, Tim Roddy, a Notre Dame senior from Portland, Ore., is speaking to his teammates on P.L.O. Bus Tours, one of several hundred teams entered in Notre Dame's seventh annual All-Campus Bookstore Basketball Tournament. The time is three weeks ago, the scene is Louie's bar in South Bend, Ind., the beverage is beer, the topic is the eternal quest for the almighty A.

"So I figured I could use a snap course, because I had finished most of my pre-med requirements," says Roddy. "I signed up for a course on Leon Trossky, the Russian political guy. But when I got to class I found out it's on Leo Tolstoy, the novelist. My God, the first book the teacher assigned was *War and Peace*, and then he gave us *Anna Karenina*, which

is almost as long. I mean, I hadn't read 800 pages in two years. I knew I was in big trouble."

The four other members of the Bus Tours—Bill Murphy, a 6' 4" senior pre-med major from Naperville, Ill.; Bill (Sugarbear) Ryan, a 6' 2" sophomore pre-med major from South Weymouth, Mass.; Jim McCloskey, a 6' 6" junior business major from West Hartford, Conn.; and Glen Sturm, a 6' 2" senior business major from Jasper, Ind.—dutifully listen as Roddy describes how, using varying amounts of skimming, sandbagging and bluffing, he was able to salvage an A minus in the course.

These young men are playing together in the bookstore tournament for the second time and are close friends. Four of them live in Morrissey Hall, an aging, ivy-covered dorm near the Rockne Memorial Gymnasium at the south end of the campus. The most vocal of the group and, at 5' 11", the smallest, Roddy could probably be called its leader. In a recent issue of the *Bull Sheet*, the Morrissey Hall newspaper, he was featured as "Mr. January." The centerfold picture showed him reclining nude in an empty bathtub, surrounded by strategically placed beer bottles and a copy of *Penthouse* magazine, watching TV and toasting a poster of Farrah Fawcett-Majors with a beer. The accompanying biographical sketch, entitled "Tim Roddy—The Average Pre-med," told how Roddy's early competence in neurosurgery allowed him to "semi-successfully transplant a carburetor from a '56 Chevy into a hamster" while still in high school.

Seeing the merriment at the table, Louie, the bar's proprietor, pulls up a chair. "You know, I thought guys weren't

doing this anymore," he says, "sitting around, drinking beer, discussing things. It's good to see..."

"That's right, Louie," says one of the team members. "You won't see us with any girls."

"Girls?" says Sturm, looking stunned. "Girls?" He shakes his head and arms as though having a seizure, and then breaks into a grin. "I do that to scare my mom every now and then. Girls, Mom? What are girls?"

This leads to a discussion of the male-female relationships at Notre Dame. Women have been admitted to the school since 1972 and now account for roughly a quarter of the 6,500 undergraduates. Male students constantly complain that there are too few women, or too many, or that the coeds in general are not up to snuff.

"Well, it used to be even worse," says Roddy. "A few years ago they wouldn't even allow mothers in the dorms here. But these girls now—they're all so smart and serious. I mean who wants to date someone who's going to be the first female President of the United States?"

More beer is ordered, and the concept of athletics as a sexual surrogate is examined. "Well, sure, it's true," says McCloskey, whose high school basketball team won the 1973 Connecticut Class B championship. "The ratio of girls to guys here is way out of line. We're in the middle of nowhere, so we've got to do something. That's why we have things like bookstore basketball."

Bookstore basketball, so named because until this year the finals were always held on an asphalt court behind the Notre Dame bookstore, is the brainchild of Fritz Hoefer and Vince Meconi, two students who decided in 1972 that the school needed a third major athletic season to go along with varsity football and basketball. "Since then it's just grown and grown," says Tim Bourne, a graduate student in communication arts and commissioner emeritus of this year's tournament. "It began with 53 teams,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

and for three years now we've had 256 teams, the limit. This spring we could have signed up at least 100 more, but it would take days just to make brackets for that many. After all, this thing is run entirely by students, and we've got to go to class sometime."

The tournament is a single-elimination event with all games played outside regardless of the weather. Any basket, be it a field goal or a free throw, counts one point, and the first team to score 21 points wins; if the first team to reach 21 does not have a two-point margin, there is an overtime. Teams are only allowed five players, and there are no time-outs or substitutions. "If a guy breaks a leg during the game, you play without him," says Bourret. Anyone from Notre Dame can play, including varsity athletes, girls, professors, priests and janitors. After two weeks of eliminations, the finals are played on the Sunday of Notre Dame's spring blowout, which is called An Tostal—Gaelic for festival—and includes a variety of events, such as beer-barrel throwing and human-drawn chariot races through the mud.

continued

The fans, watching from every vantage point, saw games in which there were no time-outs, run delays or substitutes for players who got injured



"Through the years we've had some great players in the tournament," says Bourret. "Tom Clements, the football quarterback, was legendary. In 1975 he was the tournament's Most Valuable Player, making eight baskets and five assists in the championship game, which was played in a near-tornado. John Shumate's team, which included Shumate's varsity basketball teammates Gary Brokaw, Dwight Clay and Pete Crotty and football Quarterback Cliff Brown, won the first year. After that a rule was made that sets a limit of one varsity basketball player per team. The last two years Dave Barton, who was the high scorer on this season's varsity, and his team have dominated things."

Bourret, known all over the Notre Dame campus as Bone ("I think it's because as a kid he always had a crew cut and looked like a bonehead," explains McCloskey), suggested Bus Tours as a team to follow in this spring's tournament. "They're typical Notre Dame guys, and they're a pretty good bet to make it to the final 16," he said. And, he might have added, the team was one of the few that had a name that was even semi-printable in this magazine.

"We tried to make sure any team that might win the thing had a publishable name, and in general we ruled out all graphic sexual terms," Bourret says. "But we still got some pretty good names." Among the better non-X-rated ones: Dolly Parton and the Bosom Buddies, Twice down the Court and I Wish I Could Breathe, Leon Spinks and the Tooth Fairies, Forfeit and Bye.

The day after Bus Tours' team meeting at Louie's, the tournament began. Even in the calmest of times Notre Dame can resemble an Olympic training village, with students in athletic gear scurrying everywhere with bats, balls, rackets and gloves clutched in their hands. Indeed, 80% of the undergraduates, women included, won varsity letters in high school—all of Bus Tours' members did—and nearly a quarter of the students were captains of a high school team. The list of inter- and intramural sports at Notre Dame is staggering, ranging from softball to pinball to mud volleyball. And few other colleges offer a full-dress intramural tackle football program.

But no intramural activity equals bookstore basketball when it comes to drawing the jocks and jock watchers from

every cranny of the school, which, of course, is the idea. Thirteen of the 14 players from this year's NCAA semi-finalist basketball team entered, as did more than 60 members of the 1977 national championship football squad.

The thought of injury to scholarship athletes does not seem to bother Dan Devine and Digger Phelps, head coaches of football and basketball, respectively. "Last year Jeff Carpenter broke his collarbone when he ran into a pole during this thing," says Phelps, who occasionally drops by to watch bookstore action and down a few beers. "But he came back and led us to two wins over UCLA. They're

kids. They heal. Let 'em have fun."

In their first game the Bus Tours had fun with their opponent, the Looney Tunes, beating them 21-1 in slightly more than 10 minutes. Bourret sought out Murphy after the victory to inform him that his 8-for-8 shooting in the game was a tournament accuracy record.

"Aw, come on, Bone," protested Murphy. "Somebody must have been 2 for 2 or something before this."

"Nope. You have to attempt at least eight shots. I just decided that."

Kelly Tripucka, the freshman sensation for the varsity basketball team, saw Bourret in the crowd. Tripucka's

Described by Commissioner Emeritus Bourret (with ball) as "typical Notre Dame guys," the Bus Tours included (clockwise from top left): Jim McCloskey, Glen Sturm, Bill Ryan, Bill Murphy and Tim Roddy.



team, Strapamasquon and the Combat Wombats, had just beaten Larry Flynt and the Sharpshooters, and Tripucka was splattered with water from the puddles on the court.

"Hey, Tim," he said. "I love the water hazard on this court, and I like the manhole cover over on that one. You ought to have a different hazard for each of the courts."

Five days later the Bus Tours defeated a team with an unprintable name, and the next afternoon it beat Call Us Anything You Want to advance to the finals of the Moose Krause Sectional. The Bus Tours' big game was against the Duke Street Kings, a team led by a 6'5", 250-pound shotputter known to everyone as Moose. "Remember," said Roddy to his teammates in a pregame strategy session, "it's not how you get your points, it's how many." Roddy then removed his religious medals and handed them to a girl standing on the sideline. "Please guard these," he said. "I get F's in everything without them."

The game, played on the asphalt court near Lyons Hall, was hard fought. Several times players dived to the asphalt, skinning their hands and knees in the process. On one fast break Roddy was kned in the thigh and then banded in a pileup. He emerged limping but intact. It took Ryan's overtime free throw into a 15-mph wind to ice the game for Bus Tours, 22-20.

That night the team celebrated its arrival in the final 16 by going to Lee's Ribs, a barbecue house featuring, for one night only, 75¢ buckets of beer. Downing bucket after bucket without bothering to use a glass, McCloskey waxed reflective. "I think it's good to have the varsity basketball players mixing with the regular students," he said. "It's good for the school spirit." Abruptly McCloskey switched hands on his bucket, having developed a cramp in his left arm. "Besides, I'd rather play against Dave Britton than a guy like Moose. I mean Moose is an animal."

Later in the evening there was dancing on the beer-soaked tile floor. While displaying a new disco step called the Murph, Murphy slipped with a girl on his back and cracked his forehead on the tile. A Band-Aid was slapped on the cut above Murphy's left eyebrow and the party continued.

The next day the Bus Tours were in



Varsity basketballer Bruce Flowers (center) takes part in another spring revel, mod volleyball

bad shape. Roddy's leg was so stiff he couldn't run. And Murphy's cut—which had been stitched up in the morning by a doctor who warned him, "Don't listen to your friends anymore"—would prevent him from playing. With two spectators filling out the team, Bus Tours lost quickly and badly to a team captained by 1977's Iron Man Award winner, Carpenter. There was little disgrace in the defeat, because Carpenter's team, with 6'4" football Quarterback Rusty Lisch and 6'6", 265-pound Tackle Steve McDaniels in the frontcourt, went on to win the tournament.

For the Bus Tours, being eliminated from the bookstore meant going back to business as usual. On the Sunday that the finals were held on courts behind the Arts and Convocation Center the team played pickup ball on the nearly empty bookstore courts. (Two years ago the championship gathering overflowed onto the roof of the bookstore, causing part of the store's ceiling to cave in. Last spring a portion of the crowd of 3,500

was so tightly packed on the roof that university officials feared some spectators would fall off. Thus the relocation of the final game.) After whipping a few challengers, the Bus Tours' members relaxed in the spring sun, shooting occasional trick shots, horsing around.

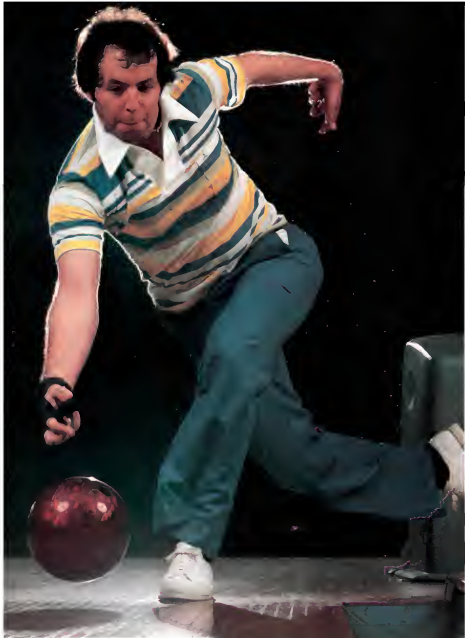
At the far end of the court a girl walked by, a tall, curvy blonde in shorts, a Notre Dame T shirt and sneakers.

"Hey look, Glen," shouted Roddy. Sturm feigned disinterest as his teammates watched the girl disappear into a nearby quadrangle. "That's who Glen took to the senior formal," said Roddy. "The most amazing part of it is that she asked him."

Sturm continued shooting flat-footed layups, left-handed hooks, behind-the-head jumpers. Someone asked him how it all happened.

"I don't know," he said with a shrug. "I guess she heard about my reputation."

Ah yes, spring on the college campus, when young people's thoughts turn to the sporting life.



"Mark is still a little shy," says fellow bowler Joe Bernardi Jr.

"Mark is a quiet guy," says Dale Glenn, another member of the Professional Bowlers Association.

"Mark Roth? His personality is bland," says Arvin Domnitz, Roth's agent.

"Mark's a man of simple tastes and simple habits," says John Jowdy, a bowling-ball salesman and Roth's adviser.

Mark Roth is in his hotel room preparing for a day at the lanes. Shy, quiet, bland, simple Mark Roth starts by vigorously thrusting both fists into the air and emitting a primitive shriek. Then he pounds his fists on the bed, stomps his feet on the floor and produces guttural babblings, an occasional "Wahoo!" and an "Eeeiii" or two. Sunbeams that poke through his window are clobbered into yellow shards by roundhouse punches.

Then for the next 30 seconds Roth stares out the window while chattering the same word over and over: "Firp, firp, firp, firp..." After that, he hurles through the air, plops on the bed and buries the end of a "Let's go!" yell into a pillow.

Roth now lies motionless, soundless. Has the routine ended? Not quite. Slowly he rolls off the bed, stands up and glances in the mirror. He bellows unintelligibly, spins around, picks up a pillow and slams it against the wall. As feathers flutter to the floor, Roth opens the door of his room and nonchalantly steps into the corridor. He nods at a startled maid who has been listening, says, "Good morning," and is off to work.

"When I first saw him go through his routine, I thought he was a basket case," says bowler Teana Semiz, who often rooms with Roth. "Then I realized that this was his way of letting everything out and his way of getting psyched up. And let me tell you, Mark is *always* psyched up."

To begin to comprehend Mark Roth, one must first understand that he is essentially shy, quiet, bland, simple. Next, one must digest the fact that Roth has a complex psyche that is somehow connected to his stomach, a bubbling caldron where his emotions simmer and

seethe. Finally, it must be conceded that there is method in Roth's occasional madness, for at 27, the Brooklyn-born bowler is currently the most successful practitioner of his trade in the world.

Ordinarily Roth proceeds through life in what seems to be a semicomatose state. Within him, however, juices are bubbling and he is sometimes unable to control them. In February, while bowling in the Pro-Am event before the \$150,000 Burger King Open in Miami, he got so excited that he was almost beside himself.

"I'm tingling all over," Roth said in the car going back to his motel. While waiting at a red light, he spotted a sign bearing a phone number to be called for "advice and help." "Quick, call that number," Roth said. "I need help." Then in a louder voice he said, "Someone stick a fork in me. Let this stuff get out of me."

Shrieking and stomping, clobbering pillows and sunbeams, Mark Roth has become the best bowler in the world

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

night is get in the shower and scream."

Roth's view of the pressures of the PBA tour is that they cannot be handled in ordinary ways; there is more to the game than the game. It has become extremely complicated for him now, creating a mishmash of emotions and conflicts: how to be himself while being a winner; while communicating with the media; while trying to be alone; while trying to rest amid jangling phones; while trying to please those who tug at him for advice, endorsements, investments and autographs; while doing his sunbeam smashing; while avoiding psychological dangers; while trying to act like a man; while wanting to be a boy. It is to Roth's credit that he has dealt reasonably well with the above, especially since he handled most of them badly not long ago.

This past winter PBA Commissioner Joe Antenora called on Roth to discuss his relationship with the press. It had been Roth's habit to shirk interviews or to give terse replies to reporters.

"Antenora also asked me to speak to continued

WHAT ROTH'S WRATH WROUGHT

Letting this stuff get out is what Roth's routine is largely about. He would never describe his ritual as primal scream therapy or even as an emotional release. "I do it because it makes me feel better and it helps my bowling," says Roth, matter-of-factly. "It took a while before I tried my routine on the tour. Since I started it, I've bowled better."

"Hey, I don't go through that stuff all the time. Just when I need it." Roth smiles, an indication that he is somewhat proud that an introvert would have such an outlandish habit. "I used to be really crazy. I kicked ball racks, I cursed and lost my temper at the lanes. Now I've quieted down. Sometimes all I do after a bad

Mark about the situation," says Frank Esposito, a Paramus, N.J. bowling-alley proprietor and coordinator for ABC telecasts. "I suggested that Mark take a Dale Carnegie course. He wouldn't do it. But Mark has come to realize how important it is to be aware of the media. After winning two tournaments in a row early this year, he was unable to make it to the third because of a snowstorm. [Actually, Roth missed his chance for a record-tying third straight victory because, instead of leaving early for Cleveland, he saw his beloved Rangers play in New York. The next morning, the East was weathered in.] I called Mark and told him that his absence was news and that we would call him at his home during the TV finals and have him say a few words over a telephone hookup. He didn't want to do it. 'People have been bugging me all week,' he told me. I told him, 'We'll call you. It'll be a nice touch.' He insisted that he didn't want to do it. I told Mark, 'We'll call you.' We called. It went over very well. Mark has apologized half a dozen times since for his initial reaction. He's beginning to understand the media."

Roth has just come off the lanes after a dismal six-game block. His scowl is fearsome, the most forbidding on the tour. A local radio reporter, tape recorder in hand, thrusts out a microphone. Roth tucks his bowling ball more tightly in the crook of his arm and glares darkly at the man. But instead of stalking into the locker room as he often used to do, Roth says, "Give me 10 minutes to cool off and I'll be back." The reporter nods.

Amid the hubbub of the paddock, as the bowlers' locker room is called, Roth lights a cigarette, blows out the match and with a quick wrist snap, wings it floorward. He finds his bowling bag, contemplates mashing it with his 16-pound ball—as he has done numerous times in the past—but then gingerly places the ball on the floor.

He slumps into a chair, expels a cloud of smoke and locks his lips as if he will never speak again. A deep sigh is followed by a look around the paddock, a glance not intended to see things but rather a prelude to letting his eyes roll upward and almost under his lids in a favorite expression of disgust. Slumping

deeper into the chair, Roth mutters an imprecation. Then, the wrath of Roth having subsided, he walks out of the paddock, seeks out the reporter and dutifully answers all questions.

Exploring Roth is like rummaging through an attic: one finds unexpected treasures. Roth's psyching-up procedure is one. Also startling is his bowling style, the most explosive on the tour. Roth's style is so theatrical and convoluted, so swashbuckling that it sets him apart from all the other bowlers. Seldom has anyone thrown a ball with such fury, speed and striking power, a combination that no one savors more than Roth himself.

"You know that every time Mark throws the ball he's saying mentally, 'Look at that. Will you look at that,'" says Domnitz.

"Sometimes I throw rockets," Roth says with a boyish grin. "My ball can even overpower lane conditions at times."

Roth is a hurry-up bowler. Once he has planted his feet on the approach, he pauses only a second. He hunches slightly, taps the top of the ball with the fingers of his left hand and twists his right hand, which supports the ball, so severely that the palm is straight up. And then he is off.

His footwork is a shuffle-stumble of small steps while he whips the ball through one of the most exaggerated backswings of any bowler. Three things give Roth command of his complicated form: he keeps his head straight, he maintains a proper center of gravity with his body, and he counterbalances the wrenching forward swing of his right arm by a final backward sweep of his left arm and leg.

Roth forsakes the conventional slide to the foul line with his last foot movement, preferring to stop his left foot just short of the stripe so that it can withstand the force of his powerful follow-through. As Roth moves the ball through his forward swing, his right hand is set so that his palm faces the pins. Then he adds a ferocious inward twist of the arm and wrist. Roth is 5'11" and 170 pounds, and throws so hard because he drives the strength of his body through his right shoulder and into the ball. His ball takes a fairly straight path for about 45 of the 60 feet down the lane. Then it happens: all that power and all that

twisting send the ball suddenly hooking left toward the 1-3 strike pocket.

To get strikes, most bowlers must hit the pocket squarely, or within a two-inch margin to either side. Roth, however, can be off target by much more and still strike. His cranking release gives the ball more revolutions than most—16 or 17 as opposed to the normal 13—and causes it to hook sharply. Both the revs and hook provoke a mixing action among the pins, toppling many that would otherwise remain upright.

Roth's style is so vigorous, in fact, that it is painful to watch. Jerry Levine of the PBA staff recalls that in 1970, when Roth first gave the tour a brief and unsuccessful try, many pros said, "He'll burn out in a year or two. The crankers and throwers don't have a chance out here anymore. Now you need finesse."

"I've known Mark since I was about 14 or 15," says bowler Johnny Petraglia, who is 31. "He lived about 15 minutes from me in Brooklyn. Mark bowls now the way he did then. I thought he'd do well on the tour, but that his hand problems would force him out."

For a few years, Roth was the most prominent member of the PBA's walking wounded. His exaggerated twist of the ball upon release left his thumb frequently looking like raw meat. There were times when he took a week or more off from bowling so that the thumb could heal.

Assorted remedies were tried. "The best was soaking my thumb in Johnson's Foot Soap," Roth says. Such relief was only temporary. Just when it appeared that Roth might need a thumb transplant to continue bowling, his problem was solved by Bob Simonelli, a bowling equipment dealer and a longtime pal from Brooklyn. Simonelli changed the angle at which he drilled the thumb hole on Roth's ball so that Mark could yank his thumb from the ball quicker and cut down on abrasion. "That was about four years ago and I haven't had much trouble with my thumb since," Roth says.

Thumb mended, Roth began to blister the tournament circuit. In 1976 he led the pros with an average pinfall of 215.970 per game. In 1977 he was the PBA's Bowler of the Year and again led in average pinfall, with 218.174 per game. Roth also became the only bowler other than Earl Anthony to earn \$100,000 in

continued

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one year, finishing with \$105,583. Most impressive of all was his first of extending to 51 the number of consecutive tournaments in which he won cash—to bowlers, a record roughly comparable to Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak. The previous high for "cashes" (only one-third of all bowlers at each event share in the prize money) was 32 by Wayne Zahn. When Roth's string was ended last fall it was by one pin. He immediately started a new streak, now up to 15.

Roth won four tournaments in 1977, three of them in a row to equal the mark held by Dick Weber and Petraglia. That streak also was broken when, by two pins, he lost his try for a record fourth in a row. Following that event, Roth left the tour for a few weeks, not because of new thumb trouble, as many suspected, but to escape the demands and pressures that had almost driven him to a frenzy.

At the first tournament this year, Roth's right ring finger became torn. The night before the TV finals, he went to a hospital for treatment. "When I started practicing before the finals, it hurt so bad that I saw stars," Roth says. "Then the pain went away."

Roth qualified second in a field of 144, and needed two wins to take the title. In the first match, he wiped out Joe Nuzzo 236-181. His sore finger held up through the next game as Roth broke open a tight struggle with Lee Taylor by rolling five strikes on his last six shots for a 212-192 triumph and the \$15,000 top prize.

His healed thumb wasn't the only factor that enabled Roth to attain prominence. He also learned to control the hook on his ball, he polished his spare making and he mastered a shift in lane conditions.

"When Mark first came on the tour, all the big winners were strokers, guys like Dave Soutar and Dick Ritzer," says Petraglia. "Since then the lane conditions have changed because they're using new finishes on the alleys. Now it's the crankers who are winning and the strokers who are having trouble. Another thing that's helped Mark is that he has learned how to be loose when he's on the lanes."

With his game sharpened, with the bowling lanes to his liking and with a more relaxed attitude, Roth has won 11 tournaments. Three of those victories came in his first four tries this season. He has already earned more than \$40,000

this year, giving him a fine chance to surpass the \$100,000 mark again.

Three months ago in Miami, Roth shared a motel room with Gil Hodges Jr., a childhood friend and the son of the late Dodger slugger and Met manager. When Roth tried to demonstrate his bowling form in the room, he said, "I can't do it without a ball. I don't know how I use my hand or feet unless I've got a ball."

"How can you not know how you bowl?" said Hodges. Most pros are deep into detailed analyses of bowling. Not Roth. He is an instinct bowler who makes minute changes in his delivery at the last instant and who is satisfied that he has perfected his own style. "The big thing for me is that I know what to do and when to do it," he says. "When we were in New Orleans early this year the lane conditions were bad for me. I had no shot at all. My ball hooked too early. So I called Simonelli and told him to send me a ball I knew would do better. I called him after the first block on Wednesday. Thursday at 10 a.m. I had the ball. It had a harder shell and went farther before it hooked. With that ball I did better and won \$1,300."

"When I was a kid I saw Carmen Salvino on TV. He really cranked the ball. I liked his style and built mine after his. I'm really a self-styled bowler, though. Nobody taught me. They all told me to change. They said I'd never last."

Few people know Roth well—among them, Bernadi, Petraglia, Hodges and a girl named Jackie Dente, to whom Mark is, as he puts it, "just about engaged." When asked about Roth, otherwise-talkative pros have little to say other than, "He's hot now," in reference to Roth's bowling; and, "He's 27 going on 12," about his personality. Indeed, as Bernadi says, "Mark's childhood will never leave him. We were in Las Vegas for a tournament a few years ago. I was too young to go to the casinos, but Mark could have gone. There he was, in the hot spot of the U.S., and he stayed in the room, and we played his tabletop hockey game until 5 a.m. He'll always be a kid."

"I'll never forget a call from Mark in December of 1976," Petraglia says. "My wife Pat answered the phone about 10 o'clock that night and Mark asked her,

'Is it all right if I come over and play with Johnny?' He and a friend came over and we had a table hockey tournament until four in the morning. He was as happy as a kid because he won."

Hodges and Roth grew up together in Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay section, where Mark's late father was a postal worker. As teen-agers, they cruised the streets in Hodges' GTX. They often drove to Nathan's hot-dog emporium on Coney Island, where, as Roth says, "We stole things like salt-and-pepper shakers. Those were sick days. But we had fun, Gilly and me." Those also were the days of street hockey on roller skates, bang-up games in which a hard check left an opponent draped over the fender of a parked car. Roth also took an interest in two other things: buses and bowling.

Roth sat near the windows in junior high school, the better to keep track of the buses passing outside. Before long, he knew precisely when they would pull up and what their route numbers and destinations were.

Roth began bowling when the Rainbow Lanes were built three blocks from where he lived. "By the time I was 13 my average was 160," he says. "When I was 15 it was up to 188, and when I was 17 it was 195. There was lots of action. A bunch of us won \$10,000 one night."

"Mark and I bowled lots of doubles matches against other guys for \$1,000 and as high as \$3,000," Petraglia says.

"I rode the buses from one bowling center to another and sometimes I was still out at three or four in the morning," Roth says. "I got thrown out of lots of places. They got tired of me winning, so they said, 'Get out and don't come back.'"

Despite his winnings then and now, Roth's tastes always have been modest. His only recent extravagance has been to buy a \$150 white-gold, angular Star of David necklace. He also spends a bundle on phone calls to Jackie, a computer-systems coordinator in New Jersey. Every night that Roth is on the road he calls her to tell her what time to give him a wake-up call the next morning. "I call him and say, 'Good morning, Big Firp. This is Little Firp,'" she says. "Those are silly, meaningless nicknames we have for each other. Mark's a wild Ranger and Met fan who yells a lot at games. I bought him a three-foot, black-

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MARK ROTH continued

and-white stuffed penguin and when Mark drives alone in his van he puts it on the seat next to him. My dog Caesar reacts the same way every time he hears Mark's name—he runs and gets his toy bagel." Jackie indulges Mark's whims but winces when she says, "He wants to get married on a bus. He's a bus freak."

Indeed he is. Roth has an assortment of destination scrolls from buses—44 to ELLIOT STREET, EXPRESS, NO PASSENGERS—and mounts one in his van when tooling around. He also is given to wearing a bus driver's shirt and cap, and when he stops he calls out to his passengers, "Watch the doors, please." With the broadest of grins, he tells of how he was once permitted to drive a bus for a few blocks and of how his pal Richie Tauber, a bus driver, "took me on his route one Sunday and we stopped every 15 minutes for hot dogs."

"Mark has no idea of his worth," Avin Domnitz insists. "He doesn't recognize that he's a marketable athlete like a Johnny Miller. Mark's idea of heaven is to be the owner of a 36-lane house on Staten Island."

Roth agrees with that celestial vision and says, "If some Jewish people on Wall Street want to do a Jewish boy a favor, maybe I'll have my own lanes. I don't want to bowl forever. Five more years, then I want to get out of it." His somewhat wistful tone betrays a possible willingness to stick around longer. One reason he might lengthen his career would be the chance to prove that he is a truly great bowler, a stature he will attain only if he piles up more wins in more tournaments and survives the changes in lane conditions that will surely emerge in the next decade.

Several years ago Roth bought a house on Staten Island. He lives there with his widowed mother and sister. When home, he bowls in the Paramus (N.J.) Eastern Classic League on Mondays as a member of the Joseph D'Amato Paperstock squad. Roth also travels to Brooklyn to visit Hodges and Tauber. "Same now as when he was a kid," Hodges says.

While lounging in a motel room recently, Roth snipped up a ringing phone and said, "Huwo. Who ish dish? Bye-bye." Then the shy, quiet, bland, simple world's hottest bowler slumped down the phone, fell back on the bed and let out bellows of laughter.

END

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A dandy not unlike Sandy

Likening USC's young Bill Bordley to Koufax might seem a bit much, if he were not a lefty with a 24-1 record



The air was warm and the sky was blue in Palo Alto, Calif. last Saturday afternoon, and the fans at Stanford's Sunkin Diamond were soaking up large quantities of beer and sunshine. Down on the field, 20-year-old Southern Cal Pitcher Bill Bordley was avenging the only defeat of his collegiate career and clinching the Pacific Eight Southern Division title for the Trojans. Above it all, at the top of the stands, three major league scouts were grumbling that it was a shame that Bordley was wasting his time pitching against amateurs.

"He should have signed when Milwaukee drafted him in the first round two years ago," said the Cincinnati man. ("Strike one!" barked the umpire.) "He'd be in the majors for sure next year," agreed the Pittsburgh man. ("Strike two!") "Just think of all the money it cost him," concluded the Kansas City man. ("Strike three, yer out!")

After a sterling career at Bishop Montgomery High in Torrance, Calif., where he averaged two strikeouts an inning and less than one earned run per game, left-hander Bordley was the fourth player selected in the 1976 free-agent draft. The Brewers offered him a \$60,000 signing bonus and then increased it to \$75,000. USC Coach Rod Dedeaux countered with a full scholarship and the lyrics to MacNamara's *Band*, the song roarsingly rendered after every Trojan victory. Dedeaux realized that the odds were against his snaring the 6' 3", 195-pound pitcher because first-round high school selections almost invariably choose the big bucks and a quick shot at the majors. In 1968 alone, Dedeaux lost five No. 1 picks to pro ball, including the Reds' Junior Kennedy and the Mets' Bobby Valentine and Tim Lincecum.

Sure enough, Bordley told his father that he was anxious to get his pro career started. But before he could put his name on the Brewers' dotted line, he got a severe case of cold feet and tumbled at USC. "I'd rather be in water that's too shallow than too deep," he says.

So far the water at Southern Cal has been just about nonexistent. Last year as a freshman, Bordley was 14-0, making him the first Trojan pitcher to go unbeaten. Tom Seaver did not do that, nor did Bill Lee, Jim Barr, Steve Busby, Brent Strom, Pete Redfern nor any of the other USC pitchers who have graduated to

the big leagues. After defeating Stanford, Bordley was 10-1 this season, with a 2.69 ERA and an average of nine strikeouts a game. Not coincidentally, the Trojans were the No. 1-ranked team in the country and their gaudy 42-7 record was the best in the school's illustrious history, which includes 10 NCAA baseball championships.

Despite Bordley's accomplishments, Dedeaux used coachy caution in saying, "Bill's the best at this stage of development I've ever seen," and Dedeaux has been keeping a watchful eye on developments for 37 seasons. Bordley, who will not be eligible to be drafted again until next year, is considered by big league scouts to be the No. 1 pitching prospect in the country. "He is the brightest of the blue chips," says Ben Wade of the Dodgers.

As a high-schooler, Bordley first attracted professional eyes—and ears—with his humming fastball. He can still bring it at 95 mph, but he now has an improved curveball and, thanks to spring tutoring by Dodger Pitcher Tommy John, two new pitches—a slider and a change-up—in his repertoire. "In high school my fastball was about all I had and all I really needed," Bordley says. "I couldn't control my curve, so I never used it in a pressure situation."

Even now, Bordley says, "I can count on my two hands the number of times I've thrown a curve with a 3 and 2 count." He is hardly the first hard-throwing young southpaw reluctant to use anything but his heater in tight situations. Sandy Koufax, to whom Bordley is sometimes favorably compared, did not become the outstanding pitcher of the 1960s until he developed control and a curve to go with his fastball. But USC Catcher Dave Van Gorder claims Bordley is beginning to change. "When I first saw Bill, spotting the ball and changing speeds meant nothing to him. He just threw the fastball 85% of the time. Now it's down to 50%, and when he's right he can spot the ball exactly where he wants it." And although Bordley lets men get on base—he gives up an average of five walks and eight hits a game—he seldom allows any important runs to cross home plate. "Whenever I get in a tight situation, I tell myself, 'This is what you've worked for,' and I bear down," he says.

"I guess that's why I'm not good with a big

continued

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lead. I pinch best when the game is close."

He gave up 10 earned runs in one game this year, seven in another. Last Saturday, after striking out three of the first six Stanford batters, he struggled the rest of the way, and it looked as if he was going to duplicate his only collegiate defeat, a 3-2 loss to Stanford three weeks before. But Third Baseman Dave Engle's two-run homer in the ninth and Jeff Schatzinger's last-out relief handed Bordley a 4-3 victory.

"Bill is really just a baby," says De-deaux, "but he is way ahead of schedule. I'd say that after one more season here and a year of Triple A, he'll be ready to move into the majors."

THE WEEK

April 30-May 6
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST In a week of exceptional pitching (altogether there were 17 games in which American League teams were held to five hits or fewer) no one was more impressive than Nolan Ryan of California (2-3), who hurled the sixth one-hitter of his career as he defeated Cleveland 5-0. The only hit off Ryan was a sixth-inning single by Duane Kuiper. For Ryan, who struck out 12, the win was his second straight shutout, and it reduced his ERA to 1.62. Merv Rettenmund's pinch grand slam beat the Indians 2-3 for the Angels' other victory.

Two low-hit games were tossed by the remarkable first-place A's (4-1): John Johnson trounced Detroit 5-1 on four hits, and Pete Broberg and Bob Lacey gave up five hits as an 11-3 romp over Toronto. Although he was only five for 18, Gary Alexander continued to make his last count by connecting for three game-winning homers. Alexander, who has had seven game-deciding hits, got one of his home runs in an 11-3 rout of the Blue Jays, and sealed 2-1 triumphs over Cleveland and Toronto with his other clouts.

Another 2-1 victory was chalked up by another Alexander—Pitcher Doyle of Texas (3-1)—who beat Baltimore on a three-batter Ferguson Jenkins' four-hit pitching seemed to be for naught until the Rangers scored twice in the bottom of the ninth to overtake the Red Sox 2-1. That upswing included a single by Ben Campenauer, an RBI double by Richie Zisk and an RBI pinch single by John Lowenstein. Zisk also drove in both runs in Alexander's squeaker and doubled his career total of stolen bases—he had two in 740 previous games—by stealing second and third as the Rangers beat the Yankees 9-5.

Seattle (3-2) had its first winning week of

the season, with two of its triumphs coming against Toronto. Paul Muehlefeld yielded seven Blue Jay singles as he prevailed 6-0, and Steve Braun drove in four runs to back up Rick Honeycutt's four-hitter in a 9-1 romp. Reliever Enrique Romo worked out of a bases-full jam in the eighth against the Tigers, allowed only one hit in 3½ innings and became a 4-3 winner when Julio Cruz singled in the 11th inning.

"I was so nervous I felt the ground was rushing up at me," said Rich Gale after his pitching debut for Kansas City (11-5). Gale, a 6'7" redhead brought up from Omaha to replace injured Steve Busby, was a 3-0 victor over Milwaukee. Steve Minton worked the final two innings after Gale, who already had three plantar warts and a bad back, developed a blister on his pitching hand.

"For the first time, I'm looking at baseball as a job," said Rod Carew of the struggling Twins (1-4). Adding to his miseries was an 11-9 defeat in Boston during which the Twins gave up seven walks and were guilty of two errors, a balk and a wild pitch. Nevertheless, Carew had some on-the-job fun against Baltimore: His fourth hit of the day, a three-run triple, highlighted a seven-run ninth and an 8-7 victory.

Chicago (11-4) clanked into the cellar, as Wilbur Wood earned the White Sox's only win, a 5-3 victory over Milwaukee in which Lamar Johnson hit a two-run, eighth-inning homer.

OAK 10-6 CAL 16-9 KC 14-10 TEX 11-11
SEA 10-20 MIN 9-19 CH 7-15

AL EAST With Mark Fidrych on the 21-day disabled list with tendinitis and another pitcher, Jack Morris, hurting, the Tigers (3-2) were desperate for starters. Into the breach stepped Milt Wilcox and Bob Snykes, who came through with a pair of four-hit wins. Wilcox beat the Angels 10-2, and Snykes, brought up from the minors to fill in for Fidrych, baffled the A's 6-0.

Despite having 10 injured or ailing players, Boston (5-2) moved to within two games of first-place Detroit. Jim Rice took over the major league lead in RBIs by raising his total to 30, and Dwight Evans beat Chicago 6-4 with a two-run homer in the 10th. On the mound, the Red Sox were given a lift by Dennis Eckersley, who held Minnesota to four hits while winning 8-1, and rookie Jim Wiggins, who defeated the White Sox 3-0.

Cleveland received the division's worst medical report: Wayne Garland underwent surgery on his pitching arm and cannot throw until next spring. Two homers and seven RBIs by Willie Horton enabled the Indians (2-3) to sink the Mariners 4-1 and 10-5.

Keeping the Brewers (3-2) and Orioles (3-3) going were tight pitching and late rallies. Milwaukee got consecutive shutouts from Jerry Augustine, who beat Chicago 4-0 on

three hits, and Mike Caldwell, whose four-hitter opened Kansas City 9-0. The Brewers shocked the Royals 4-3 when Sal Bando hit a three-run homer in the bottom of the ninth and Gorman Thomas drew a bases-loaded walk. For Baltimore, it took a four-hitter by Dennis Martinez to cool off Boston 3-1, and a similar effort by Mike Flanagan to trim Minnesota 2-1.

Not all the nifty pitching was done by starters. After being dazed by New York (5-1) relievers Rich Gossage, Sparky Lyle and Raulo Eskinaka, Kansas City Manager Whitey Herzog said, "That might be the greatest bullpen in history." In the first five games of the week, the Yankee threesome gave up just one run in 14½ innings and combined for two wins and four saves.

The Blue Jays (11-4) remained grounded. Dave Lemaczynski, Toronto's biggest winner last season, was 0-6 with an 8.10 ERA. Although he pitched a two-hitter, Tom Underwood lost to Oakland 2-1. And after pounding out 16 hits to drub the Angels 9-3, the batters did not produce an earned run during the final 25 innings of the week.

DET 16-8 BOS 16-10 NY 14-10 MIL 12-12
CLEV 10-13 BAL 10-14 TOR 8-17

NL EAST Who says that managers don't win games? With a tip from Ken Boyer here and an order from him there, the Cardinals (3-3) came to life. Although he had been on the job for only a few days, Boyer spotted two things: the presence of a hitch in Garry Templeton's swing and the absence of Pete Vuckovich's good-luck shirt. Because Templeton was hitting .196, the Padres intentionally walked Lou Brock to get to him in the seventh inning of a scoreless game. Templeton, his hitch eliminated, singled in Mike Tyson from second with the game's only run. That made a winner of John Denny, who tossed a two-hitter. Vuckovich, who had not been pitching well, was ordered by Boyer to again don his paint-stained and tattered old Army shirt, which he used to wear to and from games. That's all it took. Vuckovich gave up just one hit in 4½ innings of relief and earned his first save, wrapping up a 4-0, four-hit victory over Los Angeles for John (Stuck It In) Ulina. Seven of the league's 11 low-hit games were by Eastern Division pitchers, and St. Louis led the way with three. The Cards' third exemplary performance was by Bob Forsch, who baffled San Francisco 9-0 on five hits.

Steve Carlton of Philadelphia (4-1) was involved in two five-hitters, combining with Gene Garber to beat Cincinnati 12-1 and going the route to subdue New York 7-2. Umpire John Kibler failed to record a pitch on his ball-strike indicator, depriving Met Leney Randle of a walk on a 3-2 delivery from Philie Reliever Tug McGraw. Delighted by the oversight, McGraw whipped in a fastball.

continued



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BASEBALL continued

which Randle drilled for a triple. That ended a string in which McGraw had retired 35 consecutive Mets during the past two seasons. Undismayed, McGraw began a new streak by retiring the next three batters and stranding Randle at third. Also helping the Phillies to hold on to first place was a pinch grand slam by Dave Johnson during an 11-4 laughter over the Padres.

Leftlanders won only eight games last season for Montreal (3-1), but with Rudy May baffling the Astros 2-1 and Ross Grimes stopping Houston 10-3, Expo lefties have already matched that total. Five RBIs by Gary Carter eased the way for Grimley's fifth victory without a loss. Home runs by Larry Parrish and Ellis Valentine, plus the sixth, 10-strikeout pitching of Steve Rogers led to a 4-3 win in Cincinnati.

Manny Trillo and Bruce Sutter were the key men in both wins for Chicago (2-3). A two-run triple in the eighth by Trillo upended Atlanta 7-5, and his RBI double in the 10th finished off Los Angeles 3-2. By pitching four innings of one-hit relief, Sutter earned both wins.

Three-run outbursts bayoned Pittsburgh (2-4). Scoring three times in both the seventh and eighth innings, the Pirates slipped past the Padres 7-4. The Bucs made a three-run first stand up for a 3-2 defeat of the Dodgers.

It was not the fault of Lee Mazzilli that the only team in the majors with a batting average under .220 was the Mets (2-4), who are hitting .208. Last week Mazzilli hit 444 and drove in seven runs. Two of his RBIs came during a 6-4 win over the Reds, a game in which Reliever Skip Lockwood got his fifth save.

PHIL 13-6 MONT 13-9 CHI 12-12
PITT 11-12 STL 11-14 NY 11-10

NL WEST

Some improbable heroes got the Braves (4-2) untracked. Catcher Biff Pocoreba, who had asked to be traded during the off-season, delivered game-winning hits two nights in a row against the Mets. Trailing New York 5-1, Atlanta got only its second come-from-behind win of the season on Pocoreba's eighth-inning double. That 6-5 triumph was followed by a 5-4 victory in which Pocoreba singled across the clinching run in the bottom of the ninth. The Braves promptly signed Pocoreba to a seven-year contract. Reliever Dave Campbell, who had an 0-7 record the past two years, won for the first time this season when Jerry Royster's single in the 10th beat Houston 2-1. And Pitcher Tommy Boggs, who "couldn't even hit a ball out in batting practice," hit one over the fence for his first big league homer as he beat the Astros 5-2 in his first win in the majors.

Such deeds moved Atlanta into a tie for fifth with Houston (0-4). Earlier in the season the Astros had hit well but lost be-

cause of shoddy pitching. Last week the pitchers improved, but the offense produced only seven runs.

San Francisco (4-1) did not have a potent attack, either, but won a pair of 2-1 games and beat St. Louis 4-0 behind Jim Barr. Despite three rain delays, Barr was touched for only five hits as he ran his lifetime record against the Cardinals to 10-3 and lowered his ERA against them to 1.66. "I was singing in the rain," Barr exulted.

Also making the best of inclement weather were the Dodgers (3-2). With the rain pelt-ing down in Chicago, Davey Lopes borrowed an umbrella from a fan. Lopes then went to the on-deck circle, where he held the bum-bumshot in one hand while swinging his bat with the other. It was so cold that day that the Dodgers built a small fire in the runway behind their dugout to warm their hands. They were resourceful on the field, too, win-ning 4-1 as Rick Rhoden improved his record to 4-0. Also keeping front-running Los Angeles on top were Lopes, who stole seven bases, Reggie Smith, who had seven RBIs.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM RICE: The slugging Boston outfielder-designated batter slammed three home runs, including a pair of two-run blasts that beat Baltimore 9-6, batted .483, scored seven times and batted home 14 runs with his 14 hits.

and Rick Monday, who batted .455 and slammed his ninth homer.

"It's embarrassing and extremely frustrat-ing," admitted Tom Seaver of Cincinnati (2-3) after a miserable outing against Phila-delphia in which he gave up seven hits, seven runs and six walks in two-plus innings. That left him 0-3, with a 6.52 ERA. "My mother called after the game," Seaver added. "She had seen it on national television. I'm 33 and I can still hear her yelling to me when I pitched Little League: 'Slow down. Slow down, Tom. You're rushing.'" Trying to slow down, Seaver later worked six shutout innings against Montreal before Reliever Pedro Borbon took over in the seventh and saved the 6-2 win.

More sophisticated technical advice helped another former Cy Young Award winner, Randy Jones of San Diego (3-3), right him-self. Jones, who had walked 12 batters in 28 innings and had a 4.50 ERA, heeded a tip from Pitching Coach Chuck Estrada to pitch off the third-base side of the rubber. "It helped my control, took a lot of strain off my arm and made it easier to get the ball out-side to left-handed hitters," Jones said after issuing only two bases on balls while beat-ing the Cardinals 2-1 with last-inning relief from Rolfie Fingers.

LA 16-9 CIN 15-10 SF 13-11
SD 10-14 ATL 10-15 HOUS 10-15

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Never rile an O'Reilly

Philadelphia figured the way to lick Boston was by baiting the Bruins' fighting Irishman, but the Flyers got beaten to the punch in their Stanley Cup series

One by one, the Philadelphia Flyers skated past to pay their respects to Terence Joseph James O'Reilly of the Boston Bruins. This ritual was aimed, as always, at rearranging O'Reilly's face. Mel Bridgman, a bristly forward, led the procession of hit men as the Flyers and Bruins squared off last week at the Boston Garden in the first game of their Stanley Cup semifinal playoff, a series the Bruins led two games to one at week's end. Like his teammates, Bridgman remembers all too well that it was only a year ago that O'Reilly and the Bruins embarrassed the Flyers by wiping them out of the semifinals in four straight games.

As they lined up for the opening face-off, Bridgman stationed himself at left wing, opposite Right Wing O'Reilly. In hockey, unlike basketball, players do not greet their opponents with handshakes or hugs or pats on the rear. Just glares. Seeking an early edge, Bridgman forcefully planted the blade of his stick atop O'Reilly's. O'Reilly yanked his stick away and reversed the procedure. They glared at each other more ferociously,

then chased after the puck. Bridgman promptly jostled O'Reilly against the boards to set the theme for Game 1. Defenseman Jimmy Watson hit O'Reilly again to make sure he got the idea.

O'Reilly did. Nine minutes into the game, hoping to stir his teammates from their lethargy, O'Reilly slammed into Bridgman. Offended, Bridgman whipped off his gloves and put up his fists. O'Reilly did the same. They grappled quickly, with O'Reilly trying unsuccessfully to rip off Bridgman's helmet, the better to hit him in the head. ("I worry that someday I'll break a hand on some guy's helmet," O'Reilly says.) Bridgman scored with a hard left. If O'Reilly's face is a map of Ireland, as some say, the punch landed roughly in the area of Galway Bay. The officials pried the players apart while O'Reilly was countering with solid lefts.

The hostilities continued until early in the third period when O'Reilly suddenly encountered a fresh opponent in Defenseman Rick Lapointe. Following a free-swinging melee around Philadelphia goaltender Bernie Parent, Lapointe

Skating a collision course, O'Reilly (left) and Bridgman squared off as often as they faced off

challenged O'Reilly to put up or shut up. O'Reilly chose to put up, as always, and after ducking Lapointe's wild first swing, proceeded to pummel the young Flyer with a barrage of punches.

It is important to note that these activities were not as spontaneous as they may have seemed. Although the Bruins won 3-2 on a goal by Rick Middleton in the second minute of sudden-death overtime, Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero was convinced the Flyers lost because they were unable to neutralize O'Reilly's aggressiveness in the corners and in front of Parent. "I wonder if even the Bruins realize how good O'Reilly really is," Shero said. "I know that the rest of the world doesn't understand that O'Reilly is one of the best players in the world. He's much like Bobby Clarke in that he never stops giving second effort. Sometime soon—like right now—I've got to come up with a line that can handle O'Reilly. A line, I said, not just one player."

Shero considered the problem and shook his head. In the quarterfinals against Buffalo, the Flyers had concentrated on containing Sabre Center Gilbert Perreault, the NHL's flashiest skater. And now they were worried about a skater named O'Reilly, who had once received a pair of double-runners as a Christmas present from Bobby Orr. "On skates," Orr said at the time, "Terry is about as smooth as a stucco bathtub."

"Aw, skating is far overrated in hockey today," Shero said. "For all Perreault's great skating ability, what does he ever accomplish? Now take O'Reilly. Sure, he's an awkward skater. Just like Clarke, who can't skate either. But O'Reilly, like Clarke, always arrives at his destination on time—and with a bang."

For that reason, and also because of his name, Terry O'Reilly is easily the most popular hockey player in Boston. To the shot-and-a-beer lunch-pail crowd, he is that nice O'Reilly lad, the hod carrier who lives on the top floor of the three-decker on the corner of L Street and Seventh in Southie—where they have open house every Saint Paddy's Day. To the kids playing street hockey in Charlestown and Malden, O'Reilly is "Taz"—the Tasmanian Devil, the whirling

—continued



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wind character from the Saturday morning TV cartoons. To Boston General Manager Harry Sinden, he is an income producer, well worth his \$100,000 annual salary. "In Boston, Montreal, Toronto—in cities all over the league—thousands of people will pay money to watch Terry O'Reilly play hockey," Sinden says. "Why? He's fun to watch and he works so hard."

This season the 26-year-old O'Reilly became only the second player in NHL history to lead his team in both scoring (90 points on 29 goals and 61 assists) and penalty minutes (211). It hadn't come easily: when O'Reilly joined the Bruins in 1972 after scoring only nine goals in the minor leagues the previous season, the general reaction was that the Bruins had hired another goon. "When I first saw him," Shero recalls, "I thought he was a nothing as a player." In his first season with Boston, O'Reilly scored only five goals—a couple of them actually were shots by Boston teammates that ricocheted into the net off his body—but won a regular job because of his willingness to bang bodies in the corners and play policeman.

"My problem was that I couldn't skate very well," O'Reilly says. "As a kid I played goalie for four years and didn't skate as much as the other players. After my first year in Boston, I skated for three hours each day all summer. I'm still not very graceful and my balance isn't great, but I get there."

If he wasn't able to score many goals, O'Reilly did build a reputation as one of the best pure punchers in hockey. "My feet wouldn't take me where I wanted to go," he says, "so in those days, fighting was a way for me to release all of my frustrations."

As O'Reilly improved his skating, he also improved his hockey skills, if not his shot. "I knew I'd never be much of a gunner," he says. "My classic goal is a shot from the crease into an empty net, with the goaltender caught on the other side." Instead, O'Reilly mastered the art of playing the puck along the boards and in the corners. "He handles the puck better with his skates than a lot of players do with their sticks," says Boston Coach Don Cherry. "You ought to see him in practice. No stick. Just O'Reilly and the puck and the boards. All three of them take a beating, mind you, but now O'Reilly can make the puck talk."

With all that, it figured that one per-

son was on Shero's mind before Game 2 on Thursday night. "What do you do?" he said. "I can't tell one of my guys to jump O'Reilly and get him out of the game when the referee is not looking. How do you stop him?"

For the second game, Shero decided to fight muscle with muscle. Each time O'Reilly appeared on the ice, a couple of brawny Flyers seemed to materialize out of thin air. Bridgman bumped O'Reilly a couple of times. After one exchange, they fell to the ice and Bridgman did not get up for several minutes; he missed more than a full period of action. Pug-nacious Dave Hovda, Philadelphia's designated hitter, roared off the bench once and charged O'Reilly at breakneck speed. Seeing Hovda—and suspecting his intentions—O'Reilly neatly jumped out of the way. Hovda crash-landed against a teammate and both of them fell to the ice. Then Don Saleski tried his luck without much success, and even Bob Kelly spent a few shifts chasing O'Reilly against the boards. None of the rough stuff worked.

While all this was going on, Boston was building up a 5-1 lead. And then Boston was blowing a 5-1 lead as Philadelphia rallied to tie the score early in

the final period. "We were dead on the bench," said Boston's Wayne Cashman. "We were looking for a lift when O'Reilly slammed into Tom Bladen—a great check. I saw Bladen fly by and he had a postage stamp on him. The Tax really mailed him. That woke us up."

Moments later, Middleton, the hero of Game 1, once again found himself all alone in front of Parent. Defenseman Brad Park spotted Middleton, threaded a perfect pass onto his stick, and in less time than it takes Fred Shero to say Terrence Joseph James O'Reilly, Middleton flicked the puck over the sprawling Parent. Boston quickly scored another goal and won the game 7-5 to take a 2-0 lead over the Flyers.

The situation seemed to demand still another strategy for Sunday night's Game 3 in Philadelphia. This time the Flyers more or less ignored O'Reilly and concentrated instead on close-checking all the Bruins. It worked better than belting just one man: when the taniest game in years was over, the Flyers had gained a 3-1 victory. The only possible shadow hanging over Shero's plan was that O'Reilly was now well rested to fight again another day.

END

Having scored the winning goal in Game 2, the Bruins' Rick Middleton is enveloped in bear hugs



It was the same old song and dance

A ballroom was the site of the NFL draft, in which the rich got richer

The onlookers at last week's NFL draft weren't about to let the hometown Giants forget past mistakes. When the time came for the team to make its first-round selection, the 10th pick of the entire draft, the fans on the balcony above draft headquarters in a ballroom of the Roosevelt Hotel blind-sided the Giant representatives. "Rocky Thompson," they shouted, recalling one of the many choices the Giants would sooner forget "Ernie Wheelwright, John Hicks," continued the abuse. "Who you gonna blow it on this time?"

Undaunted, New York selected Gordon King, a tackle from Stanford. When Commissioner Pete Rozelle announced that choice into a microphone, hostility ceased. In its stead a magnificent cheer arose. To hear the uproar one might have imagined that the ghosts of Frank Gifford, Kyle Rote and Y. A. Tittle had materialized in the Giant backfield.

The draft is pro football's eternal fountain of optimism, at which, supposedly, the weak grow strong. In reality, the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer. The draft, in fact, is simply one more way of proving the lone indisputable truth of pro football life—a team is only as strong as its front office.

A survey conducted by *College & Pro Football Newsweekly* of first-round draft picks in the 1970s indicates that not only does the draft not promote equality, but it actually widens the gap between the NFL's best and worst teams. For instance, Kansas City, the club that tied for the worst record in football last year, is also the team that has blown the most first-round selections, four, in the 1970s. (By "blown," the paper means the draft picks are no longer playing football.) By contrast, powerful Los Angeles has all nine of its selections still on the roster, and seven of them start, a change of pace for new Coach George Allen, who was without a No. 1 pick in his seven years with the Redskins.

In addition, out of the past three drafts it is the perennially strong Cincinnati Bengals who have added the most players to their roster, 26. The Rams and Cowboys are tied for third in this category with 22 newcomers each. An upstart here is rapidly improving San Diego, second-ranked with 25. It should be noted that Charger Coach Tommy Prothro

and General Manager John Sanders learned the pro personnel business with the Rams. If competitive balance is truly the objective, the NFL should hold annual drafts of front-office personnel.

Still, the draft persists, if for no other reason than that it is the lone event on the NFL calendar where the offensive linemen get cheered. Offensive linemen were actually the stars of this year's draft, leading the way in the first round. Five of them—King, Ohio State Tackle Chris Ward (Jets), Michigan Tackle Mike Kenn (Atlanta), Washington Center Blair Bush (Cincinnati) and Alabama Guard Bob Cryder (New England)—were among the first 18 choices.

King was the second offensive lineman picked. Coincidentally, the first, Ward, also ended up in New York and also was widely cheered by the draftlinks at the Roosevelt, who had earlier pleaded loudly with Jet officials to select him. Ward is a 6' 3½" 280-pounder, and Jet Coach Walt Michaels, noting that he had drafted another massive tackle, USC's Marvin Powell, in the first round the previous year, said, "Ward will be one of our two bookends—and we're thinking of a 10-year span." It is NFL dogma that offensive linemen are wise choices for weaker clubs. Their longevity means they will probably still be knocking people around several years down the road while their team has had a chance to rebuild itself.

While almost every pro personnel man rated Ward the nation's best lineman, one draft observer close to the Ohio State scene disagreed. "I know Ward and he has no fight in him," said this man, requesting anonymity. "Ward didn't play in the Senior Bowl because he was afraid of how he would look against the tougher competition. He's overweight with a lot of baby fat on him." Sure enough, a day after the draft, the Jets ordered Ward to lose 10 pounds.

Former Jet Fullback Milt Snell, who played at Ohio State and is now an agent, disagreed with the Jets' choice on different grounds. "I think they need other things," said Snell, noting that Jet runners ranked last in the AFC in total yardage in 1977 and had a long gain of just 27 yards. "A great back can make an ordinary lineman look good. I never saw an ordinary back do anything for a lineman."

No one claimed that King lacks fight. As one scout put it, "He's not like other guys from Stanford. He's mean." King indicated his nature in describing how he plays his position. "The competition in the pits is more than big bodies on a collision course," he said. "If you can break your opponent's will, you can make him give up. If you hit hard on every play, it starts to work on the opponent's mind. And if you can keep doing it, he's going to forget some defense. When you get a guy thinking survival above all else, you sense you've got him and maybe the rest of his team, too."

Despite the instant analysis on Ward and King, NFL executives say that the real worth of a draft is not known for three years, the grace time collegians are allowed to learn the flex defense and other mysteries of the pro game. Nevertheless, immediately following each draft those same executives hotly debate which team benefited the most. Many favored San Francisco after this year's lottery. That should come as no surprise to anyone who has studied 49er GM Joe Thomas' drafting record when he was with Minnesota, Miami and Baltimore—Fran Tarkenton, Larry Csonka, Bob Griese, Bert Jones, John Dutton, etc.

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continued

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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

payment in the O. J. Simpson trade, but had choices in both those rounds as a result of other deals. With these he took Guard Walt Downing of Michigan and Guard Ernie Hughes of Notre Dame to help the Juice flow. Thomas acquired an additional first-round choice by trading the 49ers' top rusher, Delvin Williams, to Miami. In that deal he also picked up a safety, Vern Robertson, and a wide receiver, Freddie Solomon, both of whom will probably start in San Francisco. With the Miami draft pick, Thomas chose a Cal State-Los Angeles linebacker named Dan Bunz. With his own first-round selection, the seventh, Thomas picked Notre Dame Tight End Ken MacAfee, a superior blocker and necessary complement for Simpson's sweeps.

Houston struck it rich with Texas Running Back Earl Campbell, the Heisman Trophy winner, who was the unanimous choice of pro personnel men as the best collegian this year and perhaps in several years. The Oilers made Campbell the first pick of the draft after acquiring Tampa Bay's top drafting position by trading away Tight End Jimmy Giles, their 1978 first- and second-round picks and their 1979 third- and fifth-round picks.

Before the draft even started, Campbell had agreed to become the richest rookie in NFL history. His estimated \$1.4 million contract was negotiated by Mike Trope, who for the second straight year represented four of the top six picks. Trope's other clients included Ward, Florida Wide Receiver Wes Chandler, whom New Orleans made the third player selected, and Stanford Wide Receiver James Lofton, chosen sixth by Green Bay.

With Houston's first-round pick, the 17th in the draft, Tampa Bay took Grambling's Doug Williams, the first quarterback chosen. In explaining his choice, Buc Coach John McKay hinted that racial prejudice might have kept Williams from going higher. "We are in the third year of a five-year plan, and there is no quarterback coming up next year," said McKay. "We wanted to have one going into our fifth year. All things being equal, Williams would have gone higher in the draft."

Williams' college coach, Eddie Robinson, addressed the racial issue more directly. "Williams' selection is a super step for me," he said. "I've asked myself for many years, 'When will professional football let a black quarterback develop?'"

continued

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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

Let's face it, pro football has been awfully good to Grambling. It has been a way out for some guys. But deep inside, before I am gone, I want to see a boy leave here and grow to be widely accepted as a great quarterback. One who just happens to be black. Heck, I've been around as long as Bear Bryant. I go to the same clinics, read the same material all coaches use. What is wrong with me? If I can't turn out one great pro quarterback, then I have been a failure in a way."

Annually there is great interest in the selections of the Dallas Cowboys, who seem to be able to discover All-Pro's in libraries and on basketball courts. This year, however, Coach Tom Landry offered a seldom-heard discouraging word.

"We went in looking for a cornerback or an offensive lineman," he said, "but the field was so depleted by the time we got around to picking that we had to draft for the best available athlete. There just wasn't anything there." The Cowboys drafted into their strong suit, using the last choice of the first round for Michigan State Defensive End Larry Bethea.

Landry's comments underscored the feeling of most pro football personnel men that as a whole this year's crop of collegians was a poor one. The Cowboys can always count on turning up a blue chip in a penny ante game, however, because they annually lead the league in the number of prospects scouted and the volume of information compiled. In 1973, picking 20th, Dallas desperately wanted Purdue Wide Receiver Darryl Stingley, but expected him to be taken very early. Stingley, however, was still available when it came time for the choice of the New England Patriots, who were selecting 19th. When the Patriots chose Stingley, the Cowboys were crushed. Dallas settled for Michigan State Tight End Billy Joe DuPree, who has since become All-NFC. After the 1973 draft, the Cowboys went scrambling for the free agents their massive scouting reports indicated were prospects. In this unlikely group Dallas found the wide receiver it wanted, free agent Drew Pearson, who turned out to be everybody's All-Pro.

That tale of diligence rewarded is proof that it takes several years to evaluate a draft. Unhappily, it is also confirmation of the sad truth about this and every other draft—the rich keep getting richer.

END

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When an injury kept Dawn Musselman from competing in the 1932 Olympics, she lost her taste for swimming, but 46 years later she is setting records again



A new day has dawned

They called her Babe. Her real name was Dawn, which came to mind that morning in 1932 when she lay soaked in perspiration at five o'clock, unable to sleep in the summer heat of New York City. Dawn Gibson of Seattle was 19 years old and she held five American swimming records and shared a world record and she was going to the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles. But first there were the Olympic Trials in New York. So that morning she mopped her face, already pink from the sun of the day before, and watched the sky brighten. Later, when the stores opened, she decided to buy a hat. If she had not... but then there might be no story to tell.

She went to a tiny shop in Times Square and while leaving, stumbled and twisted an ankle. It always had been weak and now the doctor made it look like a gauze-wrapped cantaloupe. Despite the injury, the next week she gamely swam her heat of the 100-meter backstroke and finished a non-qualifying sixth. Two months earlier she had tied the world record. Eleanor Holm broke that record in the finals and went on to

win the gold medal. After the trials, Babe boarded a train for Seattle, alone. Back at the Washington Athletic Club, her coach, she said, began ignoring her and after two more frustrating years, she walked out of a meet, in April 1934, weeping. Her bitterness ran deep—it was 41 years before she would find redress for it—and her life started downhill.

Dawn Gibson Musselman now lives in Puyallup, Wash., with her fourth husband, Bob, in the Twin Flags Mobile Home Court. From their living room window, on clear days, they can see Mount Rainier looming 60 miles away. But the backyard view is marred by a nearby elevated freeway. The whole scene—Mount Rainier, tantalizing but distant, the freeway and the sameness of the mobile homes—suggests that the people in the trailer park have had to forget a lot of their dreams.

"I was discouraged the way it ended," Musselman says. Now there is no bitterness, or none that shows, though sometimes she wonders aloud in what ways her life might have been different had she won an Olympic medal. But

when a friend tells her, "Babe, you might have traveled, met famous people, married a maharajah," she grins and says, "Oh, golly, no."

The bad times are over now for Bebe Musselman, and she rarely talks about them. But in the 40 years between 1934 and 1974 she underwent 10 serious operations, among them a cesarean birth that almost killed her, a hysterectomy, removal of a leg tumor and an intestinal obstruction, correction of an inner ear problem, repair of a ruptured biceps and a torn knee cartilage. Swimming had been her life, yet not once in all those years did she swim so much as a lap in earnest. She says, "Maybe I went to the beach a few times."

She had three husbands; two died and a third she separated from in 1970. Three years of divorce litigation left her emotionally spent. "I couldn't seem to straighten my mind out," she said. In 1974 she married Bob Musselman, a retired Army officer, and one day a year later he said to her, "Babe, maybe you should go back to competitive swimming." She was 62 at the time.

Babe Musselman thought about it for a while, then went to a 25-yard neighborhood pool and started swimming laps, 20 or so a day, two days a week for six weeks. On Jan. 11, 1976, she entered a Pacific Northwest Association Masters swimming meet, in the 60 to 64 age group.

In her first event, the 100-yard freestyle, she got water in an ear, started bumping into lane dividers and wound up walking. Her second race was the 50, and her 37.8 set a PNA age-group record. Three weeks later, in Portland, Ore., she established an American Masters record of 43.2 for the 50-yard backstroke, and she later broke it by one second. In May she went to her first national championship, in Mission Viejo, Calif., and set four American Masters records in five events: 33.42 in the 50-yard freestyle; 1:19.51 in the 100 freestyle; 1:31.08 in the 100 backstroke, and 3:30.79 in the 200 backstroke.

Those records were set in a 25-yard short-course pool. In August she went to the long-course, 50-meter nationals in St. Louis. She swam in five events and set five more American records, in the 50-, 100- and 200-meter freestyle, and in the 100- and 200-meter backstroke. The record for the 100-meter free had been 1:33.8. She swam it in 1:25.86.

Since then she has broken 11 of her
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SWIMMING continued

own American records and now holds a total of 12, and although it is tempting to compare her feats with those of her youth, they are not truly comparable. Four of her old records came as a result of swimming on record-breaking relay teams. But in 1932 she did tie the world record of 1:20.5 in the 100-meter backstroke; her Masters record for the same distance, set last year, is 1:44.68.

Musselman works out at the Tacoma YMCA, where few know she is a Masters swimmer. One morning this spring a woman rushed to poolside, so excited that she almost fell in, and said, "You must have been a national champion. I've never seen such a beautiful swimmer." Musselman, whose favorite line about herself seems to be, "I never had a swelled head," climbed out of the pool and told the woman, "Yeah. I like to swim a little now and then."

A little is right. The word for her workouts is leisurely. She does three a week in the Y's 25-yard pool. With a Styrofoam float between her legs she does 10 laps freestyle and 10 backstroke. Then she holds a kickboard and does the breaststroke kick for 10 laps. Occasionally she swims 10 laps freestyle. That amounts, at most, to a half mile a day with her arms, less with her legs. "When I'm tired, I'm tired," says Musselman, "and I quit." Recently she has begun wondering if maybe that is why her old coach began ignoring her years ago. But a former Washington Athletic Club employee recalls, "She didn't have to work at it. She was a natural, with the most beautiful style, and she was fast."

"Yes, she is a natural," sighs Maxine Merlino, age 65, who holds 27 national records in the 65-69 age group. Merlino swims five times a week, a quarter mile of butterfly, a quarter of breaststroke, a quarter of backstroke and a quarter of freestyle without stopping. She formerly held 17 records in the 60-64 bracket, but Musselman, who turns 65 in June, now has all but five of those, and Merlino freely admits that her 65-69 records will be short-lived, even if she begins working out every day.

At a recent PNA short course meet, in Sumner, Wash., Musselman arrived wearing a T shirt that read, OLD AGE AND TREACHERY WILL TRIUMPH OVER YOUTH AND SKILL. She took it off and won all five of her races.

Though she did not know it, a young YMCA coach was analyzing Babe's tech-

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nique. He said she swam the "old style,"—she did not bend her elbows enough, and as a result she was getting very little help from the muscles in her forearms. "A few small changes," he told her afterwards, "and you'll have even better times." Musselman said she would try to get over to see him, but she did not seem enthusiastic. "How many more races can I win?" she said.

The Musselmans' mobile home is much larger than most of those around it, so much so that it seems immovable. Out back is a small greenhouse, where Babe spends an hour or so every day in the winter, working in her garden; she spends more time there in the warm months. She belongs to a women's bowling league, and likes to make necklaces and little shelf decorations from pieces of rock, bone, driftwood and shell she finds on the beaches. When company comes, she plays the electric organ in her plant-bedecked living room, and sooner or later the scrapbooks come out, the early ones, full of pictures of a grinning,

fizzy-haired blonde in a bathing suit. In the new scrapbooks, she has a slightly wrinkled face and about 15 additional pounds around the hips, but the grin is the same as it was in 1930, open and infectious. There are no scrapbooks, though, for the years in between. The only good memories from that time are of two daughters, Carol, now 41 and the mother of five, and Louise, 37 and the mother of three. Babe Musselman's expression was different then. There were fewer grins. For many reasons.

"Shall we tell him?" Babe Musselman asked her husband one day recently. Bob looked at her and weighed the question, then said, "Yes, it's about time. What difference can it make now?" She hesitated, then began. "In 1932, after I'd been home from the Olympic Trials for three or four days, I drove to Los Angeles with a couple of friends and got a room across from the Olympics swimming area. There was a wholesale bootlegger on the floor, and down the hall were three fellows

from West Virginia with two kegs of corn whiskey. I'd been training for many months, having to be in bed by nine every night, and now we were going out with these guys from West Virginia and having a ball. Lots of other guys were after us, too, and then one afternoon I got a phone call. It was a woman from the U.S. Olympic Committee in New York City. She said that one of our girl swimmers had appendicitis, and that she had the authority to select a swimmer to take her place and had thought of me. 'I knew you'd be thrilled,' she said, 'and I wanted to get to you right away.' I didn't say anything for a long time, and then I said, 'No, I'm sorry. I'm having too much fun, doing things I haven't been able to do in a long time.' I was a slave to swimming as a girl.

"I've never told this to anyone but Bob, and I've never forgiven myself; to this day it is the one decision in my life I would most like to make over. What a shame! My mother sacrificed so many things to help me..."

END

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Raymond Ceulemans believes he can make every shot, which he just about did in winning his 15th world championship

Chalking up another

After an absence of eight years, the world amateur three-cushion billiard championship returned to the U.S. last week, with the finest players from the host country as well as from Asia, Africa, South America and Europe assembling at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. Among them was Raymond Ceulemans. Few people in any sport have won 14 world championships. Soon Raymond Ceulemans would have 15.



Ceulemans is a 40-year-old Belgian who owns the Café Royal in Mechelen, which contains six billiard tables. In 1963 Ceulemans won the world three-cushion championship at a meet in West Germany. He has dominated the game ever since. His name is a household word in Belgium, and in 1967 King Baudouin bestowed upon him the *Trophée Merite Sportif*, a once-per-lifetime award that no more than a dozen Belgians have received. Six times in world tournaments Ceulemans has picked up his favorite 18-ounce Van Laere cue and smoked, caromed, spun, masséd, banked and double-banked his way to the title without losing a game. In Belgium, Ceulemans' style of play is called *kindermoot*. It means child-killing.

Three-cushion billiards is to pocket billiards, or pool, as chess is to checkers. The game has been described as "the ultimate in man's control over a ball." To score, a player shoots the cue ball into two object balls—but before it hits the second one, it must carom off three or more rails. "The challenge," as one player says, "is to make a peacock out of a crow. If your shot is so difficult that it turns your brains inside out, that's a crow. If you score with it, it's a peacock."

A game is 60 points, and a game doesn't end quickly. In his prime in the 1940s, Willie Hoppe averaged 1,150 points per inning or turn at the table. That was considered billiards at its best. Ceulemans, by comparison, has averaged 1,308 or better in world tournaments alone since 1972. It has been argued that scoring was tougher in Hoppe's day because the game was more defensive and the equipment less reliable. But Hoppe played under rules that permitted deliberate "safeties," the option not to attempt to score in difficult situations, and he always played in the U.S. Ceulemans routinely plays in a number of countries. While Hoppe holds the alltime high run of 25 points, he set it in a non-tournament match. Ceulemans shares the high-run record in world play (17) and holds the records in European (20) and national (23) play. In tournaments, Hoppe's best per-inning average was 1,333. At Ostend in 1976, Ceulemans averaged 1,500 or 17% higher. "Nobody ever ran points like Ceulemans," says 1977 U.S. champion Al Gilbert, who saw Hoppe play.

"All players miss some shots they should make. Ceulemans never does."

The Las Vegas tournament was a 12-man round-robin of champions from every continent except Australia and Antarctica, and was played over a grueling six days. On opening day, a Mexican dance band was scheduled to appear in the ballroom next door. A billiard fan phoned the Sahara management and threatened to turn a fire hose on the musicians if they played a single note. The band moved. The billiard players all wore the requisite black slacks and sweaters bearing emblems of their home federations. In his first match Ceulemans won the leg against Larry Johnson of the U.S., scored 19 points in an early four-inning spree and cruised to a 60-point win in just 26 innings. He then wiped out Frank Torres of Hollywood by 46 points in 27 innings, setting a 2-game world record of 2,264 points an inning.

After seven rounds, the only unbeaten competitors were Ceulemans and Nobuaki Kobayashi of Japan, a shrewd defensive player who had won the title in 1974, the only one since 1963 that Ceulemans has lost. At the tournament in Tokyo in 1969, the Japanese had filmed Ceulemans so that they could study everything the Belgian does—from stance and grip to stroke to the movement of his eyes before he shoots. The films are practically a required course for members of the Japanese Federation, and Kobayashi admits that he's watched them many hours. In the eighth round Ceulemans had no trouble handling Peru's Humberto Suguimizu, but Ludo Dicks of Belgium suddenly got a hot hand and upset Kobayashi.

Two rounds later, with two rounds to go, Ceulemans (9-0) faced the runner-up in the Japanese championship, Junichi Komori (7-2), needing a win to clinch the title. Leading 7-6 in the 13th inning, Ceulemans moistened the tip of his cue with spit, chalked up—and made a peacock. The shot is called a "ticky," which means that the cue ball went rail, ball, same rail, new rail, ball. Ceulemans ran six more as Komori sat watching, leaning forward for a better view. Ceulemans ran fives in the 18th and 25th innings to open a 40-18 gap and then coasted home by 27. It was his 15th world three-cushion title and, counting all games at world, European and national

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levels, it was Ceulemans' 100th championship. In winning it, he also set 10 world records, including a remarkable 1.679 per-inning average.

Koen Ceulemans, 16, dished out of the stands and tossed his father on the cheek. Dad merely sipped a glass of water and bowed and bowed. And the next night, as a final touch, he finished up his triumphant visit by warring Kobayashi by 33 in 25 innings.

Ceulemans is a squat man with tiny feet and stubby hands, whose appearance belies the grace with which he moves. His stroke varies from a compact punch to a long-bridged stroke, depending on the shot in question. At the table he often nods and smiles before selecting a shot. Sometimes after poking the cue-ball, he shuffles backward, like an artist stepping away from his easel to admire his work. Occasionally he leans and sways while watching the balls skittering around the table. "I think always I am to make the ball," he says. "Is possible, no?"

Like Hoppe, Ceulemans built his three-cushion talents from the bottom up, learning first to master the simpler billiard games such as balkline and straight rail. He first picked up a cue at age 14. A year later he won a balkline championship on a 4' x 8' table. Two years later he won a Belgian title at three-cushion. It was in his early years that he developed a special feeling for billiards, he says. Top players all rely on the gummack known as the diamond system, using the markings on the rails to calculate angles. Ceulemans says he had never heard of the system until he met Japan's Koya Ogata in 1965, and by then he had already won two world tournaments. The Ceulemans system is all intuition. "Most players see balls and think, 'Maybe I can make it,'" he says. "But I," he points to his head, "have some things."

Among the also-rans in the tournament, the Americans recited the familiar litany of excuses—weak national competition, lack of enthusiasm and the national fixation on pocket billiards.

They also blame U.S. manufacturers for making less than world-class tables; the frames are too light, the slate is too thin and the rails too inconsistent. Belgian tables, which weigh about 3,000 pounds, are almost three times as heavy as American tables, and sometimes the rails are heated to ensure reliable bounce.

Not that anyone complained about the three old 3,500-pound Brunswick used in Las Vegas—except maybe Harry Sims, who was assigned to procure them. He borrowed the tables from a room in Los Angeles, loaded them into a U-Haul and started to drive away. He yanked off his bumper. "If we had this kind of table to play on all the time, it might be different," Gilbert said.

An oddtimer overheard him, and when Gilbert was gone, the man turned to a companion. "Tables!" he screamed. "Why, Mr. Ceulemans could drop to his knees and beat us on the rug!"

Whether or not he had ever turned a crow into a peacock, he certainly knew a child-killing when he saw one. **END**



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THE GHOST OF INDY'S PAST

BY KIM CHAPIN

Every May Jim Hurtubise wraps his scarred hands around the wheel of an outmoded racer to celebrate the days when the small could be mighty



CONTINUED

It is the week before Thanksgiving, and all through the massive garage area of the Ontario Motor Speedway preparations are under way for the Los Angeles Times 500, the last event of the 1977 Grand National stock-car racing season. The heroes of the moment—the Cale Yarboroughs, Richard Petty and David Pearson—lean languidly against their sleek, decal-covered machines and flash smiles of contentment and prosperity as clusters of fans and friends move from garage to garage, eager to catch glimpses. Which is as things ought to be. But at Ontario there is another brigade of men who pound the asphalt and kick tires and chew the fat, unimpressed and unencumbered by the trappings of fame. Once, perhaps, they belonged on center stage themselves, but now they are faces without names, until something tickles a corner of your memory and you ask yourself, "Say, isn't that . . . ?"

Sure it is. Lean and angular Sam Hanks, who will drive the pace car on race day, walks about looking generally unchanged from that fine afternoon in 1957 when he took the checkered flag at Indianapolis and gracefully retired from driving race cars. George Snider, a former Indianapolis teammate of A. J. Foyt's, makes his rounds. He is snappily dressed, and at 38 still young as race drivers go, but he seems a little weary and sad, perhaps because his right arm, injured in a sprint-car accident, doesn't work as well as it might. Billy Cantrell, a midget driver in the 1940s through '60s, sips coffee in the track cafeteria and sucks on a cigarette, his small, frail body protected against an unseasonable chill by an outsized windbreaker. One season many years ago, Cantrell started 287 midget races and finished 284, an awesome feat of consistency considering that most

midget drivers, then as now, seem to land on their heads at least once a fortnight. "I never liked seat belts," Cantrell says in explanation. "Never liked to have to use them. I always figured a car ran better on four wheels than it did on its roof."

And who is the short, stocky fellow in the rust-colored pullover? The guy with the quarter-inch haircut and the sly, darting eyes who walks briskly but stiffly, and presses the flesh with the eagerness of a candidate for alderman, punctuating his conversation with a crooked laugh that sounds like that of a silly cricket: *erk, erk, erk*. The guy who signs autographs with hands that are so horribly mangled, fused and scarred.

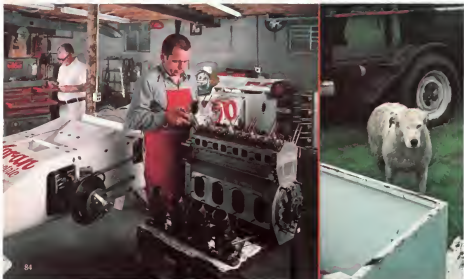
A teen-age boy, clutching his racing program and a pen, is unsure. He sidles up to this vibrant, somewhat out-of-place presence and watches him scrawl his name on a program. The young boy glances at the scrawl and then, shaking his head, still puzzled, walks off in pursuit of other names.

The signature reads: Jim Hurtubise.

O.K., it's a fair question: Who is Jim Hurtubise, anyhow? From a racing career that has spanned more than a quarter of a century, the events of three Sunday afternoons help supply the answer.

May 22, 1960 was the last day of qualifying for the 44th Indianapolis 500. Throughout the morning, 70,000 fans sat patiently waiting for the track to dry following a series of annoying showers. Shortly after 12 noon, even though tiny rivulets of water still trickled between the ancient bricks that then covered the full length of the front straightaway, the track was declared open. Hurtubise, a 27-year-old rock-

Hurtubise rebuilds his old Indy car's engine (left) and, along with Duchesne, checks out his towing rig.



ie whose exploits in sprint cars had earned him the nickname Herk (for Hercules), charged out of the pits in the garish, lavender-and-purple Travelon Trailer Special, hoping only to make the race. Four laps and 4:01.52 later, he had become a Brickyard hero. His four-lap average speed of 149.056 mph was 2.4 mph faster than that of pole-sitter Eddie Sachs; his fastest lap, the third, missed being the first one-minute lap (150 mph) in Indy history by only .16 of a second. Today, when qualifying speeds have exceeded 200 mph and there is often a spread of five mph among the three fastest cars, it is hard to appreciate the size of Hurtubise's accomplishment. In 1958 before the appearance of many of the new wrinkles that have boosted speeds—turbochargers, rear-engine cars, wings and wide tires—all 33 cars qualified within 3.4 mph of one another. It was not until 1962 that the 150-mph barrier was finally broken.

June 7, 1964 came just eight days after the disastrous 500 in which Sachs and Dave MacDonald were killed. Rodger Ward, A. J. Foyt and Hurtubise, now driving the STP-Tombstone Life Special, waged a magnificent fight for first place in the 100-mile Rex Mays Classic in Milwaukee. For Hurtubise the battle ended almost precisely midway through the race when he hit the outside wall as he came out of the fourth turn, flipped and landed right side up on the front straight. Hurtubise was knocked out. His head was slumped over the steering wheel and his hands dangled limply between his knees, immersed in a pool of burning racing fuel that had spilled around him. It was 60 seconds before rescue crews could extricate him. At first Hurtubise was expected to die; later there was uncertainty as to whether he would ever walk again. Nobody talked about his hands. The following March,

Hurtubise finished fourth in an Indy car race at Phoenix.

May 21, 1972 was another last day of qualifying for the Indianapolis 500. It had been several years since Hurtubise had entered the race with any kind of chance to win it, lead it or even qualify well for it. For most of that time he had been engaged in a quixotic attempt to qualify an improved version of the outmoded front-engine "roadster" that had dominated the Speedway until the rear-engine revolution of the mid-1960s. With time growing short, there was a fever of activity around Hurtubise's Miller High Life Special, as it slowly moved toward the head of the qualifying line. The crowd buzzed. Would the old Mallard, as Hurtubise called his car in tribute to its ducktail rear end, get a chance to make even a ceremonial tour of the Brickyard? No. Precisely at 6 p.m. the gun sounded, locking in the field for another year. At which time Hurtubise removed the cowl from his Mallard to reveal neither an Offenhauser nor a Ford, but rather five cases of his sponsor's product, already chilled and ready for folks to drink. Which is what most of the Speedway officials soon did. *Erk, erk, erk.*

The beer-cuse caper has not been repeated, but every year—usually during the second weekend of qualifying—the appearance of No. 56 with Hurtubise at the wheel and, more often than not, a beer company as sponsor brings enthusiastic cheers from the grandstands and causes a noticeable tensing of Speedway officials' faces. Is the whole thing just a long-playing joke? Sure, it must be; no one can take seriously a car that looks like a huge soap carving. Oh? Last year Herk and the Mallard circled Indy at an average speed of 177 mph and missed making the 33-car field for the race by only 8 mph.

continued

When pits drop in to check out Jim's prospects for the 500, he calls a rear-engine bar into action



This, then, is what Jim Hurtubise is: a hero, a victim and a clown. The first two roles more or less just happened. The third is more difficult to analyze. There is a tendency to feel sorry for Hurtubise in his present circumstances, but that is unnecessary. Herk knows full well what he's up to, and he's having a good time, to boot.

It might be said that Hurtubise is sort of slip-sliding through life nowadays. He certainly doesn't want to be in Southern California this late-autumn week. He would rather be fishing with some buddies down in Texas or just hanging around his home on the western edge of Indianapolis, maybe sipping a beer at a nearby watering hole or gabbing over coffee in the grill of the Speedway Motel, in the very shadow of the Brickyard. But Herk is on a hot streak. He has recently closed down his muffler repair shop, a business venture whose ill fate could have been predicted from its office hours—8 a.m. to 2 p.m. Monday through Thursday—and pocketed \$2,400 from the sale of a tubing bender, and he is another \$200 richer for having popped down to Atlanta earlier in the month and qualified a friend's stock car for the Dixie 500. He has simply used his winnings to come west in the hope of working a deal.

The deal is this: Hurtubise wants Fred Carrillo—who owns a shop in San Juan Capistrano that each year churns out 14,000 or so high-performance connecting rods—to buy a 1976 Ford Grand National stock car from John Kennedy, a driver-owner from Villa Park, Ill., who just happens to be in town, so that Hurtubise can take the car south and drive it to victory in the Daytona 500. Just like that.

The sale of a race car, especially a used race car, can be tricky, and the week's negotiations among Hurtubise, Carrillo and Kennedy prove no exception. From Herk's perspective, there are two problems. The first is that Kennedy's car has a rather amusing past. The second is that Carrillo is no dummy. He has been a race-car owner for 34 years—on seven occasions his cars have entered the Indianapolis 500—and he knows good stock when he sees it. But the most nagging problem is the question of Hurtubise's motive in all of this. Why is a former 500 driver of some fame trying to get a man to buy a Grand National car for him to race? Why hasn't he raced seriously at Indianapolis for over a decade? What, in short, is his bottom line?

"Racing has to be fun," Hurtubise says, bottom-lining it, "and it's no longer fun at Indianapolis because they've taken the race away from the little guy—from guys like me."

Hurtubise is holding court for Carrillo and others in the

lounge of the 94th Aero Squadron, a restaurant and bar designed to resemble a recently strafed French chateau at the time of World War I. Full-size models of a Spad and a Fokker sit on either side of a machine-gun emplacement in the front courtyard, and the whole thing looks rather ridiculous considering its location, next to the Orange County Airport. During the course of the evening Hurtubise proposes two theories about what has happened to him at Indy over the past 10 years. One is technological, the other has to do with support money.

Herk's first argument goes like this: everything was fine until the mid-1960's. Everybody had access to the same uncomplicated engines and chassis, and they were reasonably affordable. Whatever slim edge a team created for itself was the result of the skills of its driver or the talents of its mechanic. This changed radically, however, with the coming of

the turbocharged engine. By itself, the blower was no problem. Its overall effect was simply to boost the speeds down the long straightaways. But a race car still had to slow down for Indy's four 90-degree turns, and when it did the blower tended to cut out. The solution to this problem was twofold. The tire companies developed wider and wider tires, and the car builders designed chassis with wings, spoilers, trim tabs and other aerodynamically helpful devices. All with the goal of getting the cars through the turns faster, so the turbocharger could continue to function.

This cost money—a great deal of money—and pretty soon drivers such as Hurtubise and car owners such as Ernie Ruiz, who had brought Jim to the Speedway for the first time in 1960, were on the beach.

In 1974, because of the previous fall's energy crisis, the

Speedway put a limit on the amount of fuel a car could use during the race. What this did, says Hurtubise, was to all but eliminate the driver from the racing equation. The race no longer went to the swift but to the cagey, those who could best calculate how much boost to dial into a turbocharger without running out of gas. For perhaps the first time in the history of the Indy 500, it was impossible to drive a car to its limit and still finish the race. "A mechanic can drive these cars now," says Herk. "They might as well send the driver home."

Meanwhile, says Hurtubise, Goodyear was assuming a bigger and bigger role at Indy. In time, the tire company became far and away the largest source of financial support for owners and drivers. This largesse, says Herk, went only to a chosen few. Once upon a time, he continues, there were a dozen, perhaps 15, teams capable of winning the 500, but now there are only a handful. And Jim Hurtubise is not

continued



In his rookie year at Indy, Jim broke the qualifying record.

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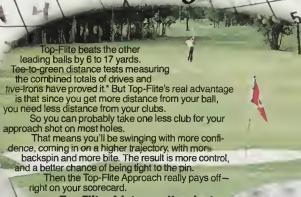


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among them. Which, strangely, is how Hurtubise would have it.

"Everybody's made a big deal about Foyt winning the 500 four times," says Hurtubise. "Hell, I keep telling A.J. that with the equipment he's had, he should have won it six times by now. Drives him crazy." *Erk, erk, erk.*

But down south in NASCAR country, says Hurtubise, speaking to Carrillo earnestly now, the little guy still has a ghost of a chance. "With your connections you can get the parts," Herk says. "I can set up the car, and for \$50,000 or so we can win Daytona, have fun doing it and then make some money on the rest of the circuit as well."

A day or so later over dinner, a friend asks Hurtubise a question: "If the Devil came to you and said, 'Jim, tell me what. Suppose you play the game. Next May you put the decals on your car and wear a Goodyear hat straight on your head and all the rest—and on the night of May 28, you'll go to bed the winner of the Indianapolis 500.' Would you do it?"

Hurtubise plays with his food for a while, twisting this proposition in his mind. "No," he finally says. "I'd tell him to get lost. Because I'm doing what I want to do and I'm having fun. I've built winning cars, I've qualified fastest, I've led the race, I've had fame—I've done all that. I tried like hell to win that race, but I don't care now whether I do or not."

Jim Hurtubise was born and raised in North Tonawanda, N.Y., an industrial city just outside Buffalo whose drum-beat name is so hard to forget that many of Herk's casual friends across the country think he still lives there. His father Ernie ran a service station and garage, a modest enterprise that came to include Jim, his younger brother Pete, and his mother—in part so the elder Hurtubise could satisfy his passion for hunting and fishing by making frequent trips to the family cabin on the Canadian side of Lake Huron. In time Pete became a mechanic; in 1951 Jim joined the Coast Guard and became a race driver.

Jim is not precisely sure how it happened, but he liked to tinker with things and had a lot of free time when he wasn't pulling duty aboard the *Nemesis*, a rescue ship based in St. Petersburg, Fla. Before long he built himself a modified stock car—a jalopy—and began racing it. After several years of banging around East Coast tracks, in 1956 Hurtubise left for California. He quickly became a mainstay of the United States Auto Club sprint-car circuit, and of the California Racing Association sprint-car circuit as well. In both arenas he and another brash upstart by the name of Parnelli Jones conducted a series of ding-dong battles that brought to both drivers great acclaim and not a little notoriety.

By 1959 Hurtubise was also racing the devious sprint cars in the Midwest, as well as midgeets and anything else he could get his hands on, zeroing in on the big show, the 500. His break came late that year when he was offered a ride in the Traveler Trailer car after the regular driver, Johnny Thompson, was seriously injured in a crash. In only his second start in an Indy car, Hurtubise won a race at Sacramento, which should have meant automatic entry into the Brickyard.

It didn't. Hurtubise's belligerent style of driving may have been a hit in the hinterlands, but all it did in Indianapolis was put the conservative rulers of USAC and the Speed-

way on their guard. They were reluctant even to allow Hurtubise through their hallowed gates—until fellow driver Bud Larson pointed out to USAC Competition Director Henry Banks that "Johnny Thompson ain't in the hospital because he's got the mumps."

Hurtubise passed his rookie test on May 13, 1960—a Friday—made his fabulous qualifying run nine days later and in his first 500 lasted 185 laps before retiring with a broken connecting rod. In 1961 Hurtubise qualified on the outside of the first row and led the race for 35 laps before falling out with a burned piston. Just before his qualifying run in 1962, Herk bravely announced, "I'm either gonna put it on the front row or hang it on the wall." He hung it on the wall, but later made the field in the next to last row and completed the 500 miles for the first, and only, time.

In 1963 Hurtubise drove one of the awesome, beloved and jinxed Novis. In one of these 700-hp supercharged monsters, which had often led the race but rarely run for the full 200 laps because of their mechanical intricacy, Herk qualified second fastest and led the first lap at a record pace, but the car lasted barely half the race. The following year he brought a roadster of his own creation to the Speedway, was ahead of Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald when their cars turned Indy's fourth turn into a gigantic funeral pyre on the first lap, and ran among the leaders until an oil leak retired him after 141 laps. One week later he towed his car to Milwaukee for the 100-miler that traditionally follows Indy.

Like most race drivers, Hurtubise speaks easily of the many accidents in his long career. What were once brief moments of numbing terror become, in his retelling, shaggy-dog tales covered with a veneer of thin but honest humor. In 1959, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, he found himself sailing over a guardrail in a sprint car. The car landed nose first on a railroad track; Hurtubise was undamaged except for having burst most of the tiny blood vessels in his eyes. After a day or two, the whites of his eyes turned bright red; after another day or two, they turned black. No real problem yet, but in time Hurtubise found himself in need of a haircut. He went to a barbershop serviced by an elderly gentleman with a penchant for the bottle who took one look at the spooky face before him and proceeded to make a shaky rip with his shears up the side of Herk's head. Once was enough. Hurtubise paid his bill, ran out the door and bought a hat.

A couple of years later, this time in Dayton, Ohio, Hurtubise again found himself flying through the air in a sprint car. This time he landed upside down high in a tree, whose sturdy branches gently broke his fall and deposited him right side up on the ground without injury.

He even jokes about his most recent mishap, in which he tore up a lot of sheet metal during a stock-car race at Dover, Del. What gives an edge to this story is that the car he crunched is the same 1976 Ford owned by John Kennedy that Hurtubise is now trying to get Fred Carrillo to buy for him. Kennedy says that all he wanted Hurtubise to do at Dover was cool it, finish the race and earn some prize money.

continued

ey. Herk says that Kennedy put the wrong gear in the car and that when he tried to drive out of a jam the power just wasn't there.

The one crash Hurtubise doesn't volunteer much information about is the one at Milwaukee. Hurtubise and Foyt, who had won his second Indianapolis 500 the week before, were driving roadsters, while Rodger Ward was in one of the new rear-engine cars. For 50 laps the three accomplished veterans put on as good a show as big-car fans had ever seen. But as the leaders exited the fourth turn on Lap 51, with Ward showing the slightest advantage over Foyt and Hurtubise, the rear end of Ward's car suddenly locked up.

"Ward put up his hand," said Hurtubise, "but I didn't see it because I was about to take a shot at going to the lead. Foyt did, though, and when he braked, his rear end slid out to the right and there was nowhere to go. I ran up over his right-rear wheel—it didn't hurt him; he won the race—and got airborne. I peeled over like a P-51 and grabbed the wheel and crouched. I remember all of this. When I hit, my right front wheel came off and hit me in the chest. Broke three ribs and punctured a lung and knocked me out. That's the last I remember until they were carrying me into the ambulance."

It was already a heavy crash by any standard, but Hurtubise would have survived with no further damage had it not been for a 15-gallon auxiliary fuel tank located immediately behind his front axle. The impact forced the axle into the tank, and although the tank did not break, a filler cap burst and racing alcohol flooded into his car. There was a spark, and for those long 60 seconds Hurtubise sat unconscious and helpless in the cauldron.

Hurtubise remembers that as he was being loaded into the ambulance, Andy Granatelli of the STP Corporation stuck his head in the door and asked, "You O.K., Jim? You O.K.?"

"Yeah, Andy," he said. "I'm O.K."

But, of course, he wasn't. There was no pain right away. That didn't begin until a couple of hours later, after he had been taken to a hospital in West Allis and the extent of his injuries had begun to be determined. Early the next morning he was flown in a military transport to the burn center at the Brooke Army Hospital in San Antonio. He had second- and third-degree burns over 40% of his body. His face was burned except where his helmet and a red bandana he wore across his mouth had afforded some protection, his legs were burned upward to the middle of his thighs, and his arms were burned as far up as the middle of his biceps.

"I knew I was hurt," he says. "The doctors told me from the beginning. We're doing the best we can, but we're not sure what we can do about your hands." "

Hurtubise was taken off the critical list after three days and almost immediately the doctors at Brooke began intensive rounds of skin grafts and therapy. The first grafts came from the intestines of pigs and were not permanent because his deep wounds had to be thoroughly cleaned every three or four days. Later, what would be the permanent layers of new skin came from Hurtubise's own chest, back and buttocks. His therapy consisted mainly of whirlpool treatments. In the earliest whirlpool sessions, when the old skin grafts were removed from his hands in preparation for a

new set, he could sit there and see the white, exposed tendons on the backs of his hands stretching across his knuckles. "Don't mess with them babies," he said. On occasion the therapists told Hurtubise to yell as loudly as he could when his tender body was immersed in the warm water. Herk went one better: he took up yodeling. Why not? "Pain's pain," he said. "There are no degrees of pain."

Today Hurtubise's face isn't so bad to see. The scar tissue on his legs doesn't stretch as readily as undamaged skin, so he becomes uncomfortable when he is on his feet for any length of time. But it is his hands that are grotesque. It was clear from the beginning that he would partly lose the use of them. The little finger of his right hand was amputated at the first joint, and on both hands there remains a webbing of skin between the third and fourth fingers. His knuckles flex just fine, but the rest of his fingers are fused into claws. Herk had a choice of how they would be fused, and he chose the position that would best allow him to grip the steering wheel of a race car. The scar tissue that covers his hands is an angry red and purple. Even such simple acts as dialing the telephone or turning the ignition key of an automobile will bruise the hands or cut them and make them bleed, but he remains undaunted. "I weld," he says, "but I've only got one layer of skin on my hands. If I burn myself, I've automatically got a third-degree burn. I'm always burning myself and I think, 'What am I doing? Why am I doing this?'"

Hurtubise is silent for a while. "I don't like to talk about Milwaukee," he continues. "When people ask about it I tell them that's not what I'm famous for. Erk, erk, erk. And I don't like to visit other burn victims in hospitals, although I've been asked to a lot. What can I say, 'Look at me: I made it?' And they're lying there moaning."

Hurtubise's return to racing reached a climax not at Indy—in 1965 he lasted just one lap, again driving a Novi—but down south in the spring of 1966 when he won the Atlanta 500 in a Plymouth prepared by Norm Nelson. He won the Atlanta 500 by cheating. Among stock-car men, getting an edge is accepted behavior, even admired, as long as you don't get caught. During practice Hurtubise determined that if his car rode as high off the ground as it needed to in order to satisfy the NASCAR rulebook, it was unstable and slow. But he found that an adjusting nut that controlled the height of his front end could be reached by cutting a hole through the floorboard, and further, that exactly 70 turns of the nut with a ratchet wrench would lower the front end just enough to make him competitive. After the pre-race inspection, Hurtubise walked rather stiff-legged to his car, a wrench hidden in the right leg of his driving uniform, and before the green flag he casually went to work. Seventy turns and his Plymouth was raked as sharply as any street racer ever was. When the race was over and he had taken the checkered flag, he made what must have been the slowest victory lap in NASCAR history, cranking that nut 70 turns in the opposite direction. As he cruised through the third turn, out of view of the NASCAR inspectors in the pits, he simply threw the wrench into the infield. No sweat.

Continued

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Hurtubise

continued

But by 1967 Hurtubise had given up the hope of ever again acquiring a first-class ride, especially at Indianapolis, and had begun to tilt at the Speedway, at the United States Auto Club and at the other motor-sports dragons he felt were pulling racing apart as far as the little guy was concerned. One year in Gasoline Alley, at the very height of an intense tire war between Goodyear and Firestone, to the dismay of both companies he wheeled out a roadster that sported two Firestones and two Goodyears. On another occasion, while being sponsored by Pepsi-Cola, he raised a 22-foot Pepsi blimp over his Indy garage, mocking the rather larger Goodyear airship, until a voice over the public-address system blared, "Jim Hurtubise, report to the garage office—or we're going to shoot that thing down."

At Ontario, the three-sided conversation among Hurtubise, Carrillo and Kennedy continues, with no one fully trusting the other two. One of the concerns is the car's checkered history. It had been put together as a 1973 Ford and was probably the car that the late Bobby Isaac was driving at Talladega later that year when he suddenly pulled into the pits in mid-race and abruptly retired, saying only, "A voice told me to." Then the car was bought by Morris Davis for Darel Dieringer to drive in 1975. Dieringer backed it into the wall at Talladega at about 180 mph. Davis fixed it, then sold it to a man in Chicago who never raced it because his bank attached it in a bankruptcy proceeding. Kennedy bought it at auction and made it into a 1976 Ford, and now, a year later, he is trying to unload it.

Kennedy's asking price is \$22,000, a bargain that includes a spare engine, some refueling cans, a few extra new and used windshields and a tow truck that Kennedy privately admits has a hard time hitting 50 mph on the straights and 35 on the gentlest hills. The trip from Chicago to Ontario, Kennedy says, had taken well over 50 hours.

Herk knows the car isn't A-1. He says so to Kennedy's face, and Kennedy says the price is negotiable. At the same time, Kennedy contracts to give Hurtubise a flat \$1,000 if he can arrange for a buyer other than Carrillo. Kennedy says he believes the only reason Herk talked him into bringing the car to California was

to make sure that he—Hurtubise—would have a car to drive in the Los Angeles Times 500.

"You gotta remember," says Kennedy, "Jim's a super con man."

The car never does make it into the starting field. Kennedy can't get it going fast enough and, perhaps remembering that race in Dover, Del., isn't about to let Hurtubise show his stuff. During the 500 Kennedy patters about the garage area while Hurtubise and Carrillo circulate through the grandstands and the clubhouse restaurant, not always together. It is a lovely race. There are a lot of interesting duels, and at the end Neil Bonnett bolts off Richard Petty and Cale Yarborough to win by less than a car length. It is Bonnett's first superspeedway victory. Carrillo and Hurtubise are in high spirits when they meet in the garage area afterward. Hurtubise buttonholes Carrillo and makes his last pitch, but Carrillo is more interested in the massive towing rigs owned by stars such as Petty, Pearson and Foyt.

"Trucks don't win races, Fred," says Hurtubise. "Cars do. We can compete."

"I want to win," says Carrillo. "I don't want to just compete. I want to win."

A couple of days later Carrillo calls the deal off, leaving the 1978 Daytona 500 for Bobby Allison to win.

Back home in Indianapolis, Hurtubise shows a visitor around his homestead, a comfortable, rambling house set on nearly four acres of land out on Crawfordsville Road, the road that runs near the Speedway. Scattered around the yard are a pickup, two passenger cars, three tractors, an Airstream house trailer, a van that for unexplained reasons has been sawed in half and two fishing boats. In Hurtubise's work area in the basement, a thousand parts are scattered in disarray. Duchess, a one-eyed Dalmatian-pointer—she lost an argument with a horse—patrols the yard, while Clink, a miniature dachshund, circulates noisily inside. Unlike the homes of most drivers, Herk's place has few racing trophies on display. Hurtubise says he doesn't like them, and besides, most of his were wrecked a few years ago when a friend mistakenly pulled down a barn on the Hurtubise property in North Tonawanda, where they had been stored. One trophy can be seen, however, gathering dust on a shelf in the

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Hurtubise

continued

basement. It is the Ralph DePalma Award, given to Hurtubise at Milwaukee on June 2, 1967 for "perseverance in the pursuit of the sport of auto racing."

The house is up for sale. Hurtubise says he wants to move south to get away from the bitter Midwestern winters; his wife Jane says they are looking for a smaller apartment in Indianapolis now that their children are growing up and spending less time at home. Karen, 20, lives away from home and trains quarter horses. Patty, 18, is a freshman at Purdue, studying mechanical engineering. Andy, 16, is a sophomore at Ben Davis High School, where he seems to be majoring in gymnastics.

Hurtubise gets in his pickup and drives over to the Speedway to give a visitor a tour of the museum. None of Hurtubise's cars is on public display, but in the storage room in the basement he points out the Novi he drove, for one lap, in the 1965 race. Then he waves himself past the track guards and takes a lap of the racing oval, slip-sliding on a recently deposited layer of ice and snow. It is an eerie tour, driving in the whiteness on the old Brickyard in a pickup truck in front of 234,000 empty seats. The track looks bigger from this vantage point than it does from the stands on race day, more manageable than when 33 cars and their anxious drivers are vying for a place in the sun.

Then Hurtubise pulls into Gasoline Alley. He stops in front of sheds 42-43-44 and turns a key. Inside there are three cars. One, No. 56—the racing number he has had ever since his record lap of 149.056 mph at the Speedway in 1960—is the Mallard, the fourth and last roadster Herk built with his own hands. It has never made the 500 starting field.

In another stall is No. 52, the sleek McLaren that the late Mark Donohue drove to victory in 1972. Herk picked it up a couple of years ago and has tried to qualify it, but even though it is a contemporary-looking car it has had no better luck than the Mallard at making the field.

In the last stall is a Dan Gurney Eagle, one of the long-wheelbase Eagles that A. J. Watson, the brilliant mechanic whose cars have won at the Speedway four times, had prepared for Mike Mosley to drive. It looks like a normal race car, except that the massive rear

continued

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Hurtubise

continued

wing has been modified somewhat—it is covered with highly polished, laminated wood—so that it looks suspiciously like a bar. Indeed, very substantial rumors have it that during the month of May a portion of Hurtubise's garage area is, in fact, a secret watering hole where owners, drivers and even Speedway officials—it is said that Tony Hulman, the owner of the Speedway, who died last year, was an occasional visitor—can get away from the crowds and enjoy a bit of privacy.

The visitor's eye is quickly drawn to a picture of Hurtubise tacked on the wall. It shows Jim smiling and waving from the seat of a roadster, and the date on the picture is June 7, 1964. The visitor is puzzled by the presence of even a token reminder of that awful Milwaukee afternoon.

"I built that car," shrugs Hurtubise. "It was a good car, a winning car."

Late in the afternoon Herk begins his rounds. He stops at the Raceway Inn Tavern and then at the Hitching Post, two roadside attractions just beyond the Indianapolis city limit in the village of Clermont. He talks with the patrons about fishing, and the cold weather, and he drinks his Billy Beer in honor of a new friend, whom he had met at the Speedway the previous May. Hurtubise and Billy Carter reportedly got along famously, and there was even talk that Carter would take some of his new-found wealth and sponsor Hurtubise on the NASCAR circuit. "Haven't heard from him recently, though," says Jim.

Finally, he goes to the lounge of the Speedway Motel, where for several hours over dinner and drinks he inveighs good-naturedly against the racing Establishment and mourns the passing of the time when a Hurtubise could take a pretty good shot at Indianapolis. Herk had taken some of the best.

One man in particular, a stranger, shows unusual interest. Hurtubise pays him little heed until, during a lull, he is informed that the stranger is a man of means who likes racing.

Herk snaps to attention. "Wanna buy a race car?" he says. "We can win the 500." *Erk, erk, erk.*

A few days later Hurtubise heads for Texas. He has heard there is somebody down there interested in buying a used stock car, and besides, the fishing promises to be good.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 1-7

BASKETBALL—NBA: There were three teams remaining in the second period, and Portland had just overcome a ten-point deficit to lead Seattle 40-41 in their quarterfinal playoff. The Sonics then scored 12 consecutive points to take a 55-49 halftime lead. From that point, the defending-champion Trail Blazers, without three key players—Bill Walton, Lionel Meek and Bob Gross—could come no closer than four points. The Sonics won 101-94, after 17th straight home win, including five in the playoffs, to move into the Western Conference finals against Denver, which defeated Milwaukee 114-110 in David Thompson scored 37 points and Anthony Roberts 26. In its first semifinal game, Seattle converted 87 of 102 free throws to set an NBA record for most free throws made in a regular-season playoff game, but lost to the Nuggets 114-107. After losing to Philadelphia 110-104, Washington beat the Suns 125-108 and 121-105 to lead their Eastern Conference playoff first games to one (page 24).

BELLARDE—RAYMOND CULLEMAN won his 15th World Championship 3-Cushion Tournament in Las Vegas (page 70).

BOKING—WBA, light-heavyweight champion VICTOR GARCIA of Argentina retained his title in a unanimous decision over Alvarez Lopez of Mexico, Calif. in Lido D Casino, Italy.

Underdog YOKO GUSHIKEN retained his WBA, junior flyweight title with a 15-round knockout of Rene Rios in Tokyo.

GOLF—TOM WATSON won the \$200,000 Byron Nelson Classic in Dallas, for his third victory this season. His eight-under-par 272 beat Lee Trevino by one stroke.

GYMNASTICS—KATHY JOHNSON won the floor exercise, balance beam and overall title at the U.S. Junior women's championships at Utica, N.Y. MARCIA FREDERICK scored the first perfect 10 in national competition to take the uneven bars title from SHARON SHAPIRO and RHONDA SCHWANDT tied for first in the vault.

HOCKEY—NHL: It was a case of style vs. power for the Boston Bruins last week—not just twice. Dominating his game-winning goal that led the Bruins to a sweep of the Flyers in the Stanley Cup semifinals two seasons, Rick Middleton scored the deciding goal in the opener again this year for a 3-2 Boston win. In the second game, Middleton scored to break a 3-5 tie and Boston won on a 3-1 victory Sunday night as the Flyers beat the Bruins 3-1 in goal in the playoffs' two games.

to one (page 68). In the opening game of their semifinal Stanley Cup playoff, the Montreal Canadiens defeated the Toronto Maple Leafs 5-3 in Yvan Cournoyer got his 42nd and 43rd career playoff goals to put him in fourth place on the NHL all-time playoff scoring list. Guy Lafleur scored two goals and assisted on another by Delorme as Larry Robinson of Montreal won Toronto for a 2-0 series lead. The Canadiens then made a 3-0 by beating Toronto 6-1.

WBA, it's on to Winnipeg for New England. Losing only one game to Quebec, the Whalers advanced by winning Game 5 in Springfield, 6-3. The Nordiques, however, didn't go easily. In Game 3 they rallied from a 4-0 deficit to tie the score 4-4 in Mike Toroff had three assists. But with 50 seconds remaining, New England's Larry Press shot a backhand shot that did however Quebec's Ken Brindley's tie goal and won the net for a New England victory. In Game 4 the Nordiques scored all of their goals on power plays, while losing 7-1.

HORSE RACING—ATTIEMED 153-60, Steve Cochran up, won the 1988 Kentucky Derby, covering the 1 1/4 miles in 2:01 1/2 to finish a length and a half ahead of Alydar, who had a length and a quarter on Believe It (page 68).

MOTOR SPORTS—PATRICK DEPAILLER, driving a Tyrrell-Ford, finished 23.45 seconds ahead of Niki Lauda's Brabham-Alfa to win the Monaco Grand Prix in Monte Carlo. In his first Grand Prix victory in 68 races, Depailler averaged 89.359 mph for the 154.53 miles.

SOCCER—NASL: Temporarily knocked out of first place in the Eastern Division by Washington's 2-0 defeat of Colorado, the undefeated Cosmos rescued the lead by one point by beating Detroit 2-0. It was their 15th straight home victory, tying a league record. It seems it will be a while before things begin to look up for the Memphis Rogues, however. Fort Lauderdale finished Memphis in such straight defeat, 3-0. Tulsa's Tulsa City Soccer won two goals to lead the Roughnecks to a 3-0 win over Oakland. Earlier, Tulsa shot out Dallas to a 3-0 win on a goal by Jim Redden.

ASL, in secret, might actually doesn't give the player an advantage over another, but when Ken McCarthy of the New York Apollo led Mike Mancini a game in the 6th, McCarthy headed the ball past the net for the only goal scored during a 1-0 New York defeat of New Jersey. Alan Sperstein got an unassisted goal at the 45-minute mark to lead Los Angeles to a 1-0 victory over California.

SQUASH TENNIS—PEDRO BACALLAO won the U.S. Nationals for the 15th consecutive time, beating Bob Rubin 15-8, 15-7, 15-4 in New York.

TENNIS—TOM OKKER and WOLTER FIBACK defeated Stan Smith and Bob Lutz 6-3, 6-4, 6-0 and 6-3 to win the \$200,000 WCT World Doubles championship in Kansas City.

WTF in their second meeting this season, Martina Navratilova beat Chris Evert 6-3 as Evert won its fourth straight, defeating Los Angeles 25-23. The Straws were in their fourth game in the week, taking every match against New Orleans except the women's doubles for a 20-21 victory. Four of New York's six wins this season have been against Indiana. The Aples beat Indiana 30-25 in Bille Jean King took his seventh consecutive singles match, against Dieter Fromholz, 6-4. The Aples also defeated the Straws 31-18 as King beat Evert 6-4. Led by Golden Gardens' 6-0 coaching of Kerry Rod, the Virginia Vets topped San Diego 27-23.

TRACK & FIELD—JAMES BUTTS set an American record of 56:50 in the 5000 yard jump at the UCLA Invitational track meet. The former record of 56:54 was established by Tommy Higgins in 1975. At the same meet, PATTY VAN WOLFFELAIRE set an American record of 13:21 in the 100-meter hurdles while finishing second in Lorne Smith of Great Britain. The previous record of 13:24 was set by Jane Frederick in 1977.

VOLLEYBALL—Led by Mike Blanchard and Jay Anderson, PEPPERDINE won its first NCAA championship by defeating UCLA 15-12, 11-15, 15-8, 5-15 and 15-12 at Columbus, Ohio.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: FRANK ROBINSON, 41, as manager of the Baltimore Orioles' top farm team, the Rochester Red Wings of the International League. Robinson, who was dismissed last year after 25 seasons as manager of the Cleveland Indians, was as Orioles coach.

DIED—Jockey ROBERT FINEIDA, 25, of multiple injuries suffered during a four-hour spill at Fountains in Baltimore.

CREDITS

4—Bob Clarkson; 8—drawing by SCW; 16-19—John G. Zimmerman; 20-21—Tony Tocco; 22—Jerry Gotsky; 23—Peter Reed; 24—Mike Mancini; 25—Manny White; 26—Steven; 27—28—Stephen Green; 29—29—AP; 30—The Cleveland American; 31—Campbell-Patt; 32—Sports Illustrated.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DONALD SMITH
Baltimore

Smith, 19, is the first in the history of South Atlantic AAU weight-lifting and physique competition to take four firsts in a combined event, which he did in Baltimore. He is also the youngest to win the Mr. Maryland and Mr. South Atlantic titles.

RANDY GUERRA
Linden, N.J.

A junior outfielder pitcher for the University of Miami, Guerra set the school career record of 141 RBIs. He has a 12-0 career record as a pitcher (4-0 in 1978) and this season is batting .292 with 10 home runs, two shy of the school mark.

JACKIE DAVIS
Guthrie, Tenn.

A junior at Perimeter High, Jackie won three district golf matches with rounds of 77, 73 and 71. The only member of her team, she won all four of the invitational tournaments she played in this season and has lost only three tournaments in her career.

DAVID HALLIDAY
Port Townsend, Wash.

In a three-way track and field meet, Halliday, a senior at Port Townsend High, scored 20 points by winning the juvenile (181" 10"), the shotput (47' 9 1/2"), the long jump (19' 8") and the discus (131' 8"), the only firsts scored by his team.

GARY JAMISON
Nashville

Gary, a senior at Rucker Ryan High, was undefeated in five matches to win the novice division of the Tennessee High School Chess Championship. He also finished in a four-way tie for second place at the Southern High School Championship.

DENNIS FINK
Wallingford, Pa.

A senior attackman for the Drexel University lacrosse team, Fink leads the NCAA Division I with an average of 7.9 points and 4.9 assists per game. Scoring four goals, Fink tied school records for most assists (11) and points (13) in a game.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

L.A.'S REVENGE

Sir:

In his article *Red as in Dead?* Not Again (May 1) Larry Keith reveals the main reason why Los Angeles will again win the National League West. The remarks of Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson exemplify the overconfidence of his whole ball club. Sparky should learn not to shoot off his mouth when the team "the '70s have belonged to" cannot hold its own against a team that has "accomplished zero." Look who swept the most recent series between L.A. and Cincinnati—the Dodgers! When the end of the season comes around and Tom Seaver hasn't won 25 games and Dan Dileon isn't MVP, we shall see who has accomplished zero.

TED FORSMAN
Salt Lake City

Sir:

Los Angeles 4, Cincinnati 2.
Los Angeles 14, Cincinnati 4.

So much for the Reds' victories in L.A.
Tom BRINSOW
Wilmington, N.C.

Sir:

Maybe by September you will be believing. Long live the Dodgers!

ADAM STRIEGEL
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

As of this writing, Tom Seaver's last start (against Philadelphia) produced these statistics: two innings, seven hits, six walks, three strikeouts and seven runs, six of them earned. Seaver also committed an error. Please inform Sparky Anderson that I'll take his bet on Seaver. After six starts (0-3, 6.52 ERA) and considering Seaver's overall performance, 20 wins would seem out of reach.

RALPH HAAS
Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

After reading Larry Keith's article, I would guess the only course of action available to the Giants, Astros, Padres and Braves is to apply for minor league status.

Obviously, the Reds and Dodgers are heavy favorites in the NL West, however, claiming that it's a two-team race only 16 games into the season is absurd. The caliber of athletes on the four other Western Division teams calls for more respect and credit than Keith seems willing to give.

JIM TOMASELLO
San Francisco

GARY

Sir:

My long-standing admiration for Gary Player was increased by the article in your

May 1 issue (*No Such Word as Can't*). I am, nevertheless, a bit awed by Barry McDermott's portrayal of Player as a halo-wrapped, incorruptible, physically fit ascetic.

Maybe as an old retired professor I am jealous of Player's physical condition and ability to push that I wish you would take another look at your splendid cover photograph. The buckle marks on Player's belt make it appear that he has had to let it out two notches—and at one time three. Now I have never had to do that!

W.L. WILLEY
Chapel Hill, N.C.

SIX LIGHTS

Sir:

In your recent preview of the U.S. professional soccer season (March 27) you explained that Washington Diplomat Winger Andries Maseko's nickname—"Six Lights"—is a reference to a game in his home country of South Africa during which he scored six goals and his name was put up in lights on the scoreboard each time.

In this part of the world Maseko is called "Six Mabone," which indeed translates as Six Lights. However, "six mabone" is a common slang expression that derives from the six lights on the front of big American automobiles and means, roughly, "lots of class."

MIKE TILLER
Gaborone, Botswana

WALKING DOWN A DEER

Sir:

I was much interested in Michael Baughman's account of "running down" a white-tailed deer (*In Pursuit of an Ancient Pursuit*, April 3). Although the length of time taken and the distance covered are a little indefinite, it certainly was a remarkable feat of cross-country running. In my years of hunting deer in the Northeast I would not have thought it possible.

In the 1930s I spent a great deal of time in the Maine woods, winter and summer, working, hunting and fishing. During those years I was in many of the then wilderness places from the Penobscot River east to the Canadian border. Men who have hunted and fished together over the years will know the pleasures of the stories told in the evening around a wilderness campfire. My companions, natives of Maine, were then in their 50s. It was both from their personal knowledge and from stories told of earlier years, that I learned that white men and Indians had been able to "walk down" a deer. It was generally conceded that it could be done in three days.

The hunter would attempt the chase only under the most favorable conditions. He

would pick a morning after the fall of a few inches of new snow to make the tracking easier. He would jump the deer or pick a very fresh track and start trailing. The hunter would carry a light pack with his food and a light hand ax. Possibly, he would have a light blanket or a piece of canvas. As the day progressed he would stop a few times to "boil," or brew tea, by melting snow in a small can and adding tea leaves. This would be his only food.

If he were on the trail of a buck, the deer would make longer runs after he had been jumped a few times and might even leave the territory, while a doe would resist being driven out of her familiar area. In either case, the hunter would keep on the track until it was too dark to see and then he would make a quick camp of fir boughs in a thicket. He would again have tea and warm his food and then sleep with only his blanket or canvas for cover.

On the second day he would be off at daylight and might jump the deer out of its bed soon after the start. By this time the relentless pursuit would start to have its effect on the deer. By afternoon the hunter would begin to keep it in sight from time to time, depending on the tree growth, until darkness again put a halt to the chase. Another camp and off again on the morning of the third day. Sometime during this day the hunter would be able to walk up to the exhausted deer.

C.S. BORTZEWICK
Glen Ridge, N.J.

BRONX CHEERS

Sir:

In light of Frank Deford's article on a cheerleading "boom-bah" (TV/RADIO, April 24), the words "narrow-minded and adobe-brained" have taken on new meaning. I think that Deford was so busy cheering for Cheryl Tiegs that he missed the whole show. And after seeing him on television, it seems to me that he has very little reason to criticize Bruce Jenner's harrow!

SHARON EXLEY
Phillipsburg, N.J.

Sir:

I doubt if Deford looks as good as one of Bruce Jenner's sneakers. What exactly is a "grown-up's haircut?"

J. KUBITSA JR.
Bethlehem, Pa.

SHORT SHRIFT?

Sir:

While I have usually applauded William Leggett's reporting on television and radio, I find it hard to believe that any sports fan

continued

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If you've decided on getting a video cassette recorder, your next decision is which one to get. After all, there are differences. These questions will help you find them. Which ought to make your decision a lot easier.

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Some recorders offer a timer which attaches to the top of the machine. Many of these can only be set to start the recorder up to 19 hours in advance. SelectaVision, on the other hand, has an electronic digital timer that's built in. It makes for a very handsome design. What's more, you can set the SelectaVision timer to record up to 24 hours in advance.

Where is the pause control?

If the answer to your question is "third button from the left," you've got a problem. When you want to eliminate an unwanted segment while recording, or put the playback on "hold," you have to run over to the machine. Here's a better way: SelectaVision's remote pause control. You can use it from your chair—up to twenty feet away. Now isn't that more sensible?

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RR-9D

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19TH HOLE continued

would be able to pass over, without part out-
 rage, NHL 78's decision to eliminate the first
 period of a game from Saturday hockey
 broadcasts. Leggett says (TV/Radio, April 2),
 "This makes for a tidy, if somewhat truncated,
 two-hour package."

Martinez? Would he also favor football
 games that begin in the second quarter? How
 about doing away with coverage of baseball
 games until the fourth inning? Basketball un-
 til after halftime?

Television executives already control to a
 frightening degree how and when many sports
 are played. Even if they do not know a hockey
 puck from a goalpost, I would think that
 sports fans would be angered by this further
 insidious bowing to television.

As a hockey fan, I am tempted to say that
 two periods of Guy Lafleur or Brian Trottier
 on TV are certainly better than none. But as a
 sports fan, I can only see this as a dan-
 gerous precedent, and one to be vigorously
 condemned, especially in a magazine that cele-
 brates the glory of all sport.

MARY BENNETT FRENCH
 Old Westbury, N.Y.

CURVE

Sir:

I read with great amusement the statement
 by St. Louis University and former St. Louis
 Cardinal trainer Bob Bauman concerning
 "those young orthopedic doctors who are ad-
 viding that kids not throw curves" (SCORE-
 CARD, April 24). He says, "My view is that
 the curveball requires a more arduous motion
 than the fastball, which causes most of the in-
 juries." I wish Bauman could have been in
 the training room with me with his elbow
 packed in ice after a 20-minute workout in
 the bullpen trying to "get on top" with the
 curveball. I am not a doctor, but I sure know
 what ended my career after only 2½ years of
 college baseball—that darn curveball!

MATTHEW C. INGRAM
 Louisville

BREAKING BALL

Sir,

That "invention" called the "Major League
 Breaking Ball" (SCORECARD, April 3)
 wouldn't fool me, a former St. Louis Philadel-
 phia stadium hitter. As kids, we used to cut
 a hollow rubber ball in half, and that half
 obeyed similar aerodynamic principles when
 thrown properly. We were a fry crew from Dun-
 ny Linvalier and Connie Mack Stadium. Our
 "park" at 7th and Widener Street had some
 built-in hazards, like parked cars, a fire hy-
 drant and dogs. But I could still hang with
 the curveball.

JOE BRIGLIA
 Cherry Hill, N.J.

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 York, New York, 10020

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